

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1883.

PRICE, \$1 65 PER YEAR

VOLUME XIV.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE"

NUMBER 2.

CONTENTS.

Agricultural.—State Agricultural Society—A Grand Blanc Stock Farm—Judging Short-horns—What Shall We Breed.....	1
Veterinary.—Simple Catarrh.....	1
The Farm.—Western Michigan Farmers' Club—Clover as a Mulch—Butter Butter—A Foreign Cheese Show—A Word for Mutton—Indigenous Potatoes—Ornamental Possibilities of Cheese—Agricultural Items.....	2
The Poultry Yard.....	2
Horticultural.—Winter Pruning—Desirable Varieties of Garden Vegetables—New England Theories on Growing Celery—Habits of Fruit Worms—Parsnips—Herbaceous Perennials—Peppermint Oil—Home-Made Fertilizers—Black Walnuts—Horticultural Notes.....	3
Editorial.—Wheat—Corn and Oats—Hops and Barley—Seeds and Potatoes—Dairy Products—The Good Old Days—Farmer's Institute—Jere S. Black on Conspiracy Laws.....	4
Village Summary.—Michigan—General.....	4
Foreign.....	5
Poetry.—"We Ran Away"—"Wait".....	6
Miscellaneous.—My Housebreaking—Theory vs. Fact—Mr. Stanley's Discoveries.....	6
Woman's Vanity—The Milwaukee Cheese Show—The Stupendous Adventure of the Smiths' Boy Who Survived—Various—Chaff.....	7
Household.—New Year's Day in Town—An Excursion—Profits of Poultry—A Revised Version of "Rule One"—Useful Recipes.....	7
Commercial.....	8

Agricultural.

STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Annual Meeting of the Society—Address of President Fralick—Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer.

The annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society met at the Michigan Exchange in this city last evening. The following members answered roll call: President, Henry Fralick; secretary, J. C. Sterling; treasurer, A. J. Dean; members of the Executive Committee: J. M. Sterling, William Ball, W. H. Cobb, A. F. Wood, A. O. Hyde, Phil Parsons, Abel Angel, D. W. Howard, F. V. Smith, J. Q. A. Burrington, J. L. Mitchell, E. W. Rising, John Lessiter, Wm. Chamberlain, W. J. Baxter, I. H. Butterfield, Jr.

President Fralick then read his annual address, in which, after thanking the Society for the confidence they had shown in him by a second election to the position of President, he pledged his earnest efforts for the continued success of the Society in the future. He spoke of the pleasure and profit he found in attending the annual meetings of the Society. Mr. Fralick then referred to the importance of agriculture and its kindred arts to humanity, and the just prominence they occupy in civilized communities. He spoke of the advancement made in modern times in agriculture through the aid of chemistry, geology, meteorology and mathematics, all of which have an intimate relation with its operations, and which are best understood where agriculture is most flourishing. He recommended that the youth of the State be given a thorough course of instruction in agriculture. In referring to the position of the American farmer Mr. Fralick said: "With a climate and soil suited to every variety of product that a civilized people require, with cheap lands, light taxes, free and good schools, just and wise laws, a healthy, intelligent and moral people, what more is necessary to constitute this the most favored agricultural community on earth?"

In referring to manufacturing the President said it was one of the kindred arts of agriculture, and was a very important element in the prosperity of the country, and he was pleased to see its rapid increase in Michigan. He spoke of the falling off in the exhibition of machinery at the last three fairs as a matter of regret, and recommended the careful consideration of the subject by the Executive Committee. The exhibits of the northern counties at the last two fairs were referred to, and he thought the rapid improvements now being made in the Upper Peninsula were in a large degree owing to these exhibitions of its agricultural products. The most liberal encouragement was recommended to be made by the Society in the department of fine arts, and the exhibition in this department at the last State Fair was referred to as very meritorious. Such exhibitions cultivate the taste and eye, improve the mind, and exercise a benevolent effect upon all classes. "The fine display of needle and fancy work was also referred to as a great attraction to visitors, and especially to the ladies. He hoped to see it continue to improve. In speaking of the premium list, Mr. Fralick said: "This part of our work is of very great importance, as on its liberal, well considered and properly adjusted premiums much of the permanent success of this Society and its benefit to the public depends. I recommend a careful review of the whole list; some changes undoubtedly are proper and necessary. In my judgment, the premiums should be materially increased on all the important cereals, grasses, dairy products and wools of the most desirable kinds, as they are valuable products of the State, and our premiums on them heretofore have not been sufficient inducements to encourage their production and exhibition in that

quantity and quality that their importance demands. The business and aim of this Society is to foster and encourage all proper and valuable industries of the State, but that must be done within our legitimate means; the Society must be self-supporting, the premium list should be as large as the safe financial point will permit, but must be judiciously adapted and wisely discriminating to make successful fairs."

In speaking of the judges and awarding committees, Mr. Fralick pointed out the importance to the Society of securing able and impartial judges, who would carefully attend to the important duties committed to them. The financial position of the Society was then referred to, and the fact stated that during the year \$1,295 had been added to its surplus. The exhibition had been large and generally satisfactory, and the exertions of the Business Committee to provide for the pleasure and convenience of visitors and exhibitors very successful. The best interests of the Society will be subserved by a liberal policy towards exhibitors, visitors, or those renting grounds during the annual fairs.

The question of the successful cultivation of sorghum as a sugar producing plant was discussed, and premiums recommended for samples of sugar and molasses made from sorghum; the exhibitor to furnish a clear and concise statement of how it was grown and the process of manufacture. The State Horticultural Society made a large and very satisfactory exhibition at the last Fair. The work of that Society is of great value to the people of the State, and it is a valuable auxiliary to the State Agricultural Society in the performance of the peculiar work it has undertaken. The president recommended that the Society be asked to continue its co-operative work at the annual fairs, and that a liberal sum be appropriated for their use. Of the Agricultural College the President spoke in the highest terms, and approved of the sound and practical methods of instruction pursued by its managers and faculty.

Referring to the location of the next Fair, the President said it was an important question that would require careful consideration. The Society had a large amount of money invested in buildings, some of which were located in Jackson and some in Detroit. If used on the grounds where they are located they can be utilized to good advantage. How to do this will be a matter for consideration. Referring to the large loss incurred by the migratory character of the society the President said: "I do not see how it can be remedied unless by permanent location (to which I am opposed), but think it can be largely obviated by making some arrangement whereby we may have the necessary permanent buildings to occupy in three or four different localities in the State, which may be erected jointly by the State society, and the locality to be occupied by the society for two years and then alternate to one of the other localities, so that the State society should make the circuit in from six to eight years, remaining two years in each place. Such an arrangement wisely made and carried out would in my judgment settle the question of locality, which is always a perplexing one, save a large amount of annual expenditure and trouble to the society, and also enable each of said localities to erect permanent buildings, and each of the towns would be in competition with each other to have the best buildings, not only as a convenience to the State society and themselves, but as a pride to the locality. If by such an arrangement the difficult question of the location of the Annual Fair for a term of years can be satisfactorily adjusted and settled, I should feel that the society has finally solved the problem that has troubled them for many years. It will be a great relief to the committee from year to year, and I trust a permanent and lasting benefit to the society."

The President appointed as a committee to distribute to the proper committees the recommendations and suggestions in the President's address, Messrs. Baxter, Smith, and Parsons.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.
I have the honor to submit the following report as a statement of the transactions of the State Agricultural Society for the year 1882. Three hundred and twenty-one warrants amounting to \$11,579.81 were drawn upon the Treasurer for the payments of accounts as audited by the business committee, and countersigned by the chairman of that committee. A record of the above orders will be found in the register of accounts for 1882 and upon the stubs of the orders. Vouchers corresponding with the orders are on file in the Secretary's office. The details of the general expenditures have been classified and arranged under the proper heads. The items will be found in the report of the Business Committee. Four hundred and one checks, amounting to \$9,669.50, were issued by the secretary and countersigned by the president for premiums awarded at the 34th Annual Fair. Three checks issued for the payment of premiums awarded at the Fair of 1881 and amount to \$36, making the total amount of premium checks drawn on the treasurer during the year \$9,725.50. A full and detailed statement giving the number of the check, amount and name of the party to whom issued will be found in the schedule accompanying this report. The following table exhibits the amounts offered in each division by the Premium List of the Society, the amounts paid in each division, and also a statement of the

MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS OFFERED AND ISSUED:		
CASH PREMIUMS.		
Divisions.	Offered.	Awarded.
A—Cattle.....	\$3,521 00	\$2,884 50
B—Horses.....	\$3,572 00	2,829 00
C—Sheep.....	1,184 00	1,152 00
D—Swine.....	701 00	656 00
E—Poultry.....	360 00	316 00
F—Farm & Garden Products.....	384 00	467 00
G—Dairy and other products.....	231 00	201 00
H—Bees, honey, etc.....	115 00	92 00
I—Farm implements.....	215 00	190 00
J—Vehicles.....	415 00	13 00
K—Machinery.....	585 00	221 00
L—Manufactured Goods.....	104 00	10 00
M—Medical and Surg'l. Insts.....	405 00	301 00
N—Art Department.....	568 50	243 50
O—Ornamental needle work.....	115 00	41 00
P—Miscellaneous Articles.....	115 00	11 75
Q—Children's Department.....		
Totals.....	\$12,941 50	\$9,669 50
Horticultural Department.....	1,362 40	877 40
Totals.....	\$14,303 90	\$10,546 90

The Horticultural department was under the general supervision of the State Horticultural Society, and premium checks for the awards of the department were drawn upon Treasurer Dean by the Secretary of that Society.

Besides the cash premiums, there were 13 silver medals offered, of which three were awarded; and 16 diplomas, of which nine were awarded.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.
A silver water pitcher offered by the Prairie Farmer Publishing Co., in Division C, was awarded to Mr. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, Mich.

TREASURER'S REPORT.
The report of the Treasurer, Mr. A. J. Dean, was as follows:

Jan. 1882. Balance cash on hand at settlement.....	\$2,982 81
RECEIPTS DURING THE CURRENT YEAR.	
From John Gilbert, ch'm Bas. Com.....	3,812 75
From interest account.....	400 00
From sale of Membership Certificate.....	756 00
From J. C. Sterling, Secretary.....	10 00
From William Ball.....	3 00
From M. Sterling.....	30 00
From Henry Fralick.....	50 00
From A. O. Hyde.....	50 00
From H. O. Bamford.....	30 00
From admission to fair grounds.....	18,464 50
Totals.....	\$45,386 56
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid business orders, 1882.....	\$11,579 81
Paid premium checks, 1882.....	9,669 50
Paid premium checks, 1879.....	1 00
Paid premium checks, 1880.....	1 00
Paid premium checks, 1881, old issue.....	56 00
Paid Horticultural premium checks, '82.....	877 40
Balance cash on hand.....	23,282 75
Totals.....	\$45,386 56

Of the above balance there is invested in the name of the Society, \$10,000 face value, in four per cent registered United States bonds, which, at the present rate of premium, would enhance the actual cash assets of the Society, in gross, to \$25,282 75.

A GRAND BLANC STOCK FARM.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I called around to G. W. Stuart's a few days ago, and found him rejoicing over his recent purchase of seven L. P. Clerk ewes, five of them represent an exact one-half of the ten ewes Mr. A. D. Taylor recently bought of Mr. Clark for \$1,500; the other two are also straight Clark ewes, costing about \$150 per head. All are probably bred to Genesee. We are not positive, but are inclined to think that if brains, energy, pluck and money can do it, we shall see this flock soon ranking equal to any in Vermont, and why not?

We find Mr. Stuart's sales of stock have been good. He has sold to J. A. Perry, Grand Blanc, eight thoroughbred Spanish Merino ewes, four ewe tees, four ram lambs and one yearling ram. To Judge Moore, Saginaw City, six ewes and one yearling ram; all are registered in Vermont and Michigan Registers. To R. W. Beaman, Saginaw City, six ewes and one yearling ram, all registered in Vermont and Michigan Registers. To Matilda L. Davis, Bancroft, Mich., six ewe tees, registered in Vermont and Michigan Register; and about 20 rams to different parties throughout the State. To J. D. Studley, Union City, Mich., seven Spanish Merino ewes, registered in Vermont and Michigan Registers.

To John A. Perry, a yearling Percheron colt, foaled May 5th, 1881; weight now, 1,250 lbs. To J. L. Mills, Clyde P. O., cow Rowena 15th, got by Mazurka Duke 23904, dam Rowena 10th. Also one yearling bull, Red Light 1st, got by Independence (23077), out of Lota 2nd, tracing to imported Young Phyllis. To Thomas Sprague, Battle Creek, bull Red Cloud 1st, got by Robin Hood (33712), out of Roxana 9th by Geneva's Airdrie (23555), a cow tracing to imp. Harriet by Young Waterloo (2817). To M. & S. S. Davis, Bancroft, yearling bull Crawford, by Independence (23877), out of Geneva Belle, she by Duke of Genesee (29206), a cow tracing to imp. Galatea, by Frederick 1060.

Respectfully yours,
G. A. R.

Judging Short-horns.

LOWELL, MICH., JANUARY 2, 1883.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
Having a few Short-horn cattle, and being an admirer of symmetry in cattle as well as in horses, I have taken pleasure and instruction in reading and studying your report of the annual meeting of the State Breeders' Association. I hope said Association may be the means of developing more equitable rules of judging animals at the fairs.

In judging cattle I have practiced, while viewing animals at fairs and in herds, applying a cow's points of excellence to a cow, a bull to a bull, a steer to a steer and a heifer to a heifer—hence I have often been surprised to see the blue ribbon given to the owner of a barren heifer over three years old when in competition with such cows as Mr. David Chl's young Florence, whose udder and teats classed her as a No. 1 cow in the dairy, and her progeny exceeded a number of her calves being prize animals.

HOLSTEINS OR DUTCH CATTLE.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The call for the meeting of the Michigan Holstein Cattle Breeders' Association was lately published in your paper. The term Holstein in this State is meant to include all black and white cattle imported, or descended from cattle imported from North Holland or Friesland. They have not in this State got into any war of names. They propose to do what they can to conciliate the warring factions that publish two Herd Books and cause them to unite. This will be one of the subjects that will receive attention at the coming meeting.

My attention has lately been called to the dairy qualities of this breed of cattle, and from some statistics of production which I have obtained from cows owned in Michigan, I find some remarkable results, especially when taking into account the comparatively small number as yet owned here, and the further fact that but few have yet had the patience to keep records for any great length of time. Allow me to quote products without giving at the present time the name of breeder or owner, but which I have in my possession, and which is a guarantee of accuracy.

A cow three years old gave in 1881, 45 lbs. of milk per day. A four year old gave 1693 lbs. of milk in 30 days, and in one week 14 lbs. two ounces of butter. A three year old dropped her calf the 16th day of May, 1882; and began her record the 21st, and in the succeeding 117 days gave 6532 1/2 lbs., and in June 1918 lbs.; this was an average of 55.8 lbs. per day for nearly four months. Another, five years old, calved February 17, 1881, and in March following gave an average of 41 lbs. per day, and in 73 days made 16 lbs. and three ounces of butter, or two and one-sixth lbs. per day. A young heifer dropped her first calf when 18 months and four days old and gave 34 lbs. per day, which made two lbs and seven ounces of butter per day.

In another herd a heifer has been continuously in milk two years, and gave in one day 63 lbs. of milk. Another heifer has been in milk two years with the exception of 14 days. Another, three years old, gave 1291 lbs. in 28 days, in one day 48 lbs. A full grown cow gave in June, 1881, 2400 lbs. of milk, and in one day 85 lbs., and three pounds of butter per day.

In another herd a record of all the cows and heifers in milk was kept. One cow four years old gave in May, 1882, 1923 lbs., in six months 9439 lbs.; another also four years old gave in May, 1877 lbs., in five months 7632 lbs.; a third, also four years old, gave in May 1907 lbs., and in five months 7675 lbs. A heifer dropped her calf a little under two years old and gave in May 1606 lbs., in one day 56 lbs., in five months 6347 lbs. A cow three years old in a full year gave 14,714 lbs and 12 ounces, 1828 lbs. in 30 days and 67 lbs. in one day, and over 40 lbs. average per day for the whole year. These are not all. There are others, as the cow owned by Mr. Westover, mentioned in a late number of the FARMER. They are sufficient to show that the great yields of these cows are not isolated instances. In this line we have never had any other breed of cattle that approached them. Prof. Roberts, of New York, in an address says of a visit to Holland: "I had the good fortune during the past summer to spend some time in North Holland and Friesland. Here, in ancient grass-bottomed lakes, snatched from the inroads of the sea by the greatest skill and labor the world has ever known, I found the ideal milk producer. Here favored, yet unfavored by nature, these clean, plain, intelligent Dutch, have reduced to a science the economical production of milk. Of course this could not be done without a good cow, and if anywhere on the face of the globe there existed a race of uniformly good milkers the Dutch have them. I care not what a man's prejudices are, whether an admirer of the fawn-eyed Jersey, or like myself of the lordly Shorthorn, the noble Hereford or the piebald Ayrshire, if he really admires a good cow, he cannot help falling in love with the picturesque Holstein, as seen in its native pastures in the North Countries. He may return to his American home and conclude that his circumstances are better adapted to some other breed, but he will ever speak of them only with praise. I have said they were a race of good milkers, but I think I have put it none too strong when I say truthfully that neither from Beemster Polder, northward, nor in Friesland, did I see what might be called a poor cow, or even an old cow, though I saw many hundreds. Here are people occupying lands which are seldom sold for less than five hundred dollars per acre, more frequently for a thousand and upwards, and producing butter and cheese and placing it on the European market in successful competition with that produced on lands of less than a tenth of their value. With these facts staring us in the face, it looks quite possible that we might learn something of more economical production from these miscalled dumb Dutch; notwithstanding they still cut their grass by hand and wear wooden shoes."

Breeders of cattle in this country might learn much from their methods of selection and breeding. The following description will show how they have produced a breed which is uniformly superior: "In the first place, but few bulls are kept, and

these but two or three years. These bulls are selected with great care, invariably being the calves of the choicest milkers. All other bull calves with some exception, are sold as veals. In like manner the heifer calves are sold except about 20 per cent, which are also selected with great care and raised on skimmed milk. The age of the cow is usually denoted by the number of calves, and in no case did I find a cow that had had more than six calves. Should the heifer with her first calf fall below their high standard, she goes to the butchers market before another wintering. Here I find a three-fold method of selection; first in the sire, then in the young calf, judged largely by the milking qualities of the dam; and lastly is employed that greatest of all tests, performance at the pail."

At one of the most celebrated agricultural colleges in Prussia, Dutch Friesian cows gave twice as much milk in a year as Ayrshire cows, and while they weighed on an average 400 lbs. more, they consumed but one-tenth more food. A quart of milk from the Holland cows cost five lbs., hay value, while a quart from the Ayrshire cost nine lbs., hay value.

I commend the Dutch method of selection for breeding, to breeders of all improved breeds of cattle. It may look like a sacrifice to cull so closely, but it will result in good to the breed.

We hear much about selection, hereditary transmission, prepotency and the like, but these plain, practical people have solved the problem, and reached the highest goal in the economical production of milk.

It is to be hoped that those who breed these cattle in this country will not go astray after false gods of fancy colors or black points of special strains, but will keep the even tenor of their way, selecting for use rather than beauty. Let their motto be "handsome is that handsome does."

I. H. BUTTERFIELD, JR.

WHAT SHALL WE BREED.

[Paper read by S. B. Hammond, of Kalamazoo, at the annual meeting of the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Association.]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—The question of "what shall we breed," is one of the important questions which every farmer who engages in the breeding of any stock ought to consider, with as much care as any other question with which he has to do in connection with his farming operations, and one which adds to or detracts from his success in farming, as he may make a wise or unwise choice in the animals that he will breed, and on the farm. And especially is this true of him who decides to make the breeding and raising of stock his chief business in farming. He who has no love for a horse, for instance, and who is unable to describe a perfect horse, and to detect faults in an imperfect one, cannot make a success of breeding horses. He ought also to be unprejudiced in his choice of breeds, to an extent that he may be able to choose the one for which there is the greatest demand at the best prices, and most ready sales. The same holds true in the breeding of any other animal. The creating a demand for any particular breed, simply by persisting in breeding, and because we have a fancy for it, is continually "kicking against the pricks," and is very slow of success, if not altogether a failure. And yet, it seems to me that far too many men engage in the breeding of stock without even giving the matter a second thought, much less the careful study and close estimate which are needful to arrive at correct conclusions in the matter. They simply jump at conclusions in choosing what to breed, and then go jumping about from one thing to another, "inching along," without making any marked progress, or ever arriving at any fixedness of purpose, or attaining to any degree of success. To-day they hear of a Shorthorn sale, and see the list of prices run up to extravagant sums, and they are stimulated to after a few Shorthorns.

After a few months, or years at most, of unsuccessful attempts to realize such prices as they paid, they become discouraged, disheartened, and probably disgusted, and try something else, or pronounce the breeding of thoroughbred stock a farce and a humbug; that one animal is as good as another, only as one man has the peculiar faculty of showing and advertising his stock to a better advantage, and thus "drawing the wool over the eyes" of just such dupes and dunces as he himself had been.

Now, the fault of such men is not in the want of a proper incentive, but rather in their failure to count the cost, and to study and investigate their own capacity, and their ability to continue in the business, and of satisfying themselves that their incentive is well grounded and that from careful estimates they have chosen the most profitable kind of stock, and that which is best adapted to their farms, their tastes and their means. The man who does all this from an unbiased standpoint, and on an intelligent basis, never fails. He may not have the abundant success that he hoped for, or that he may see another enjoy, but he cannot fail.

I have not the egotism to presume that I am able to instruct so intelligent a body of men as compose this Association, in what they shall each breed. But inasmuch as the chief scramble of man is, and ever has been, after money—and as this is necessary to a certain extent, owing to his condition and circumstances, and inasmuch as this inherent principle has been so thoroughly incorporated in his nature, that even sheep breeders, cattle breeders, and the average farmer are imbued with it, it would be quite useless, if not foolish, for me to advise an intelligent farmer to a course that did not point toward the accumulation of money, to an extent at least to meet his requirements.

In treating the subject then of "what shall we breed," I shall feel myself under some obligations to notice the profits accruing from what we shall breed, as compared with the profits of what we shall not breed, and my endeavor will be to put the matter in as brief and concise a

form as my command of language and figures will allow.

I estimate the expense of keeping a full grown horse one year not at work, as follows: For 36 weeks pasture at 75 cents per week, \$19.50; for feed the balance of the year, (26 weeks) making the estimate on 1,000 lbs. of carcass, (for convenience sake,) and allowing two pounds of hay a steer or cow, as to grow a horse, for each 100 lbs. of carcass, we have for hay alone, at \$12 per ton, \$31.84, for oats at 40 cents per bushel \$12. Add to this, amount for pasture, \$19.50, and we have the sum of \$53.34 as the cost of food and support and making a horse worth 1,000 lbs. weight for an entire year, while not at work.

The cost of keeping a colt may be set down at one-half that of a grown horse, for the first year, (allowing some compensation for the partial loss of the services of its dam.) The second year may be counted the same, and the third year two-thirds that of a full grown animal, and the fourth year full price. Which, itemized, will be for the first and second years, \$26.67 each; for third year, \$35.56, and for fourth year, \$53.34, making the sum of \$142.24, as the cost of food alone, to grow a colt to the age of usefulness, or a steer or cow, as to grow a horse, so that a horse must have a market value at four years old, exceeding the sum mentioned, sufficient to pay for his care and handling, or he will stand in debt to his breeder.

As to the breeding and raising of cattle, they have the advantage of coming to usefulness a little sooner than horses. In the case of a cow, she may become self-supporting at three years old, and a steer or cow, or a horse, may advance prices all around to those attained by fancy breeders, there would be a still greater balance in favor of sheep. But I do not care to prolong my argument of the case, to deprive any of you from ventilating it fully, as I know some of you are "spilling" to do. Enough has been said, I think (and if not I hope there may be), to show that there is no profit accruing to the breeder and feeder of scrub stock of any kind, that to realize a profit in any stock we must breed good animals. But the better the animal the greater the profits, provided that the expenses are not enhanced by a system of pampering. If every farmer and breeder would open an account with his stock keeping, accurate account of expenses and income, he would soon know what he should breed. And I know of no other way to determine this question. A system of guess-work would do it.

In my estimates here and in my choice of what to breed I have drawn on my own experience and observation, and not upon imagination. Let every man do the same, and he will arrive at conclusions that are not likely to mislead him. This subject is by no means exhausted, and there are many more important things that might be said, but I will leave the balance to be drawn out in the course of the discussion which is to follow.

The Treasury Committee have submitted their report. They say sites for quarantine stations have been selected at Portland, Boston, New York, and Baltimore, in which imported cattle can be placed. They also state annual losses by pleuro-pneumonia among cattle amount to between two and three million dollars, and that the prospects are that they will soon amount to fifty millions if the disease is not stamped out.

Some one estimates that it would cost two millions of dollars to stamp out the disease thoroughly, and if Congress has proper appreciation of the situation, laws should at once be enacted looking to the complete stamping out of the disease.

Now, continuing in the same line of estimate as with the horse and cow, it will cost half this sum for the first year and the full sum for second and third years, or \$84.25, to feed 11 sheep from lambs to three years old. It will be seen therefore that it will cost \$48 less to grow 1,000 pounds of mutton than the same amount of horse-flesh, and \$14 more than to grow 1,000 lbs. of beef. But the sheep is entitled to credits that neither the horse or cow can share in, namely: An equivalent of 84 lbs. of washed wool per head for each year, or 280 lbs. for three years. This at 35 cents per lb. gives us the snug little sum of \$84 to offset against \$84.25 as expenses in raising the sheep. You will discover, therefore, that it has really cost nothing to raise the sheep, and besides, they have placed to the credit of their breeder \$3.75.

Now, to recapitulate, we find that to raise a colt to four years old we have an expense of say \$142 (dropping fractions) and to raise a cow or steer to three years old, \$80. For raising 11 sheep to three years old they make us a present of \$3.75.

Suppose the horse to be worth say \$225, we get \$80 for the four years' care and handling. If the cattle average \$100 each they must be good ones. Then we get \$30 for the three years' care.

If the sheep are the kind that I have anticipated, (although not as yet mentioned), namely, thoroughbred American Merino, they will be worth say an average of \$20 apiece. This will give us (adding the \$3.75) \$223.75 for the care only of 11 sheep for three years!

Now, if my estimates are nearly correct it will not take much of a mathematician to discover that the profits of raising cattle are more than 24 times greater than those of raising horses, and 11 times greater than the profits of raising sheep. I have here made no estimate of the value or expense of either kind of the animals at birth, but in my judgment they would vary about in proportion to their ultimate value. So that if an estimate were to be placed on each it would only less the balance just about the same as it now is.

This, I think, is about all the argument necessary to present to an American citizen, with his natural love and propensity for money making, to induce him, if a farmer, to turn his attention somewhat at least, to the breeding and raising of sheep. And besides the difference in the profits accruing from sheep as compared with horses and cattle, they require much less care, not one-half the fencing, and are much pleasanter and safer stock to handle and care for, are less liable to injury and more subject to disease.

Some of my course-would friends may incline to ask why I select Merinos instead of any other breed. Well, frankly, I believe them on the whole more profitable in this State and climate, requiring less succulent food to develop them, and thriving much better under the close breeding system that we are forced to adopt in this climate. I do not care to open a discussion upon this subject however, but the fact that there is in this State, and

the entire country, probably ten times as much demand for Merino sheep to breed from as there is of any other distinct breed, is evidence in itself of greater weight than anything I might say upon the subject.

Doubtless some who are criticizing me will say that I have placed values too low and expenses too high in my estimates upon cattle, that there is no such disparity as my estimates would tend to show. Very well, we will take just one case "in high life" to show the advantage, if any, of "high-toned" breeding, and the production of "fancy beef." We will take the steer "Canadian Champion," exhibited at the recent Fat Stock Show at Chicago, and which was awarded first premium in his class. From the verified statement of his exhibitors we find that his value at one year old, at six cents per pound, is \$60; that his value at 24 months old, at the same price per pound, is \$66, keeping the second year, \$32.12, to which add keeping the first year, \$26.67, and we have \$55.79, which will leave us \$10.21 for profits at two years old. At three years old he is worth \$135, and cost in third year \$81.50, and in first and second years, \$55.79, or \$137.29, making a complete loss of \$42.29, to say nothing about value or expense of calf at birth, or care and time in feeding. Any number of parallel cases could be cited if breeders were prepared to furnish an account of feed, but I think this one sufficient.

I have endeavored in my estimates to place values between the two extremes, and where they may be attained by the average farmer of intelligence and enterprise. Should we advance prices all around to those attained by fancy breeders, there would be a still greater balance in favor of sheep. But I do not care to prolong my argument of the case, to deprive any of you from ventilating it fully, as I know some of you are "spilling" to do. Enough has been said, I think (and if not I hope there may be), to show that there is no profit accruing to the breeder and feeder of scrub stock of any kind, that to realize a profit in any stock we must breed good animals. But the better the animal the greater the profits, provided that the expenses are not enhanced by a system of pampering. If every farmer and breeder would open an account with his stock keeping, accurate account of expenses and income, he would soon know what he should breed. And I know of no other way to determine this question. A system of guess-work would do it.

In my estimates here and in my choice of what to breed I have drawn on my own experience and observation, and not upon imagination. Let every man do the same, and he will arrive at conclusions that are not likely to mislead him. This subject is by no means exhausted, and there are many more important things that might be said, but I will leave the balance to be drawn out in the course of the discussion which is to follow.

The Treasury Committee have submitted their report. They say sites for quarantine stations have been selected at Portland, Boston, New York, and Baltimore, in which imported cattle can be placed. They also state annual losses by pleuro-pneumonia among cattle amount to between two and three million dollars, and that the prospects are that they will soon amount to fifty millions if the disease is not stamped out.

Some one estimates that it would cost two millions of dollars to stamp out the disease thoroughly, and if Congress has proper appreciation of the situation, laws should at once be enacted looking to the complete stamping out of the disease.

Veterinary Department.

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings

The Farm.

Western Michigan Farmers' Club.

The Grand Rapids Eagle reports the last meeting of this club as follows:

"Some twenty or thirty of the prominent agriculturists of this section were in attendance to receive practical and valuable hints from Prof. A. J. Cook, of the State Agricultural College. Mr. Cook's remarks were desultory and fragmentary, as answers of questions of gentlemen present, who also discussed the topics broached with him. He said that Paris green will kill the codling worm and should be applied about May 20th and June 20th.

"Curling leaves on Mr. I. F. Davis' Northern Spy apple trees was discussed. Mr. Davis could not see any plant lice on them and wanted to know if the canker worm caused it. Mr. Cook thought that defective nutrition might cause it, but usually it could be attributed to lice or worms. Mr. Elwood Graham thought late frosts and cold weather might cause it.

"Prof. Cook said that last year when his pears grew to be as large as hickory nuts, they split open, probably because the inside of the fruit grew too fast for the skin.

"Prof. Cook said in answer to Hon. C. W. Garfield that usually there is no necessity for using herbicide for currant worms when the fruit is ripening, as the worms do not often work at that time, though last year was an exception. Picking off the lower leaves of the bushes, which children can do, is a good remedy, for on them the eggs of the worms are laid.

"Prof. Cook said that Paris green, London purple or carbolic acid, poisons, not efficacious remedies for plum curculios, as the eggs are deposited in holes bored in the trees. He would jar the trees with padded mallets, in the evening.

"The use of Paris green for protection against potato bugs was discussed at some length. Prof. Cook would mix the poison one pound with seven of flour and apply at midday rather than when the dew is on, or take a fountain pump, the Whitman, and use a pound with 100 gallons of water, sprinkling four rows at once.

Mr. E. A. Burlingame called attention to an invention by Dr. Ellsworth of Lowell, consisting of a small can with perforated bottom attached to staff, which he found very serviceable in applying the poison.

E. Manly said he used a sprinkling pot and thought it the best possible. E. R. Johnson said he used a broadcast plaster sower.

"Mr. Burlingame called attention to a white worm destroying the roots of his Hubbard squashes, and Prof. Cook said they were white maggots, kindred of the peach borers and could be destroyed as the borers are.

"In answer to Mr. John Preston, of Alpine, Prof. Cook said of the wire worm: It lives three years in the ground before it is transformed to a perfect insect; its parents are what are known as snap beetles. Fall plowing is recommended to destroy it. In Europe they put sticks into potatoes, burying the tubers and leaving the sticks above ground to indicate their position. The potatoes attract the worms and at intervals are unearthed and the insects destroyed. Mr. Wm. Rowe said that fall plowing and sowing refuse salt, used in West England.

Prof. Cook said that lime, salt and ashes do not affect American wire worms.

"Mr. Van Nest said that he started them from summer fallowing and planting crops as clover or beans, distasteful to the worms, which Prof. Cook pronounced useful.

"Prof. Cook advocated protecting the birds to destroy oak worms and similar pests. Robins are fond of them and more than repay for the cherries they eat by their usefulness in this way. Crows may destroy robins' eggs and nests, but their other good qualities overbalance their evil in this respect.

"Prof. Cook thinks the corn worm is not likely to be a serious pest in this latitude. Its habitation is further south, in the cotton region. He would destroy the peach borer by keeping off the moth by the use of carbolic acid, as recommended in the last report of the State Board of Agriculture. Kill the larvae if once in the tree by digging them out twice a year—spring and autumn.

Clover as a Mulch.

In the Country Gentleman we find the following relative to the value of clover, and the bad practice of feeding it down in the fall:

"Farmers seem determined on pasturing their mowing lands in the fall, insisting that the growth is worth more as feed than to leave it to enrich the land. Were this the only view I should justify their course. But they ignore the protection from the winter and spring frosts. Particularly is this an advantage with clover, which more than any other cultivated plant is subject to heaving, as farmers well know to their cost. A thick growth, even if short, will protect effectively where the soil is moderately dry; where well-drained little or no harm can result. In view of the great loss to clover from the effect of frost, is not this worth more than the feed realized, to say nothing of the manurial benefit to the land? I know it seems hard to allow a fine growth to rot down, when it is so inviting as a feed. Just so it is a pity to thin out fruit. Yet it is a benefit in both cases. I know of whole fields, and parts of fields, saved by leaving the growth, that would have been ruined or seriously hurt by feeding, as was the case with neighboring fields. Where the growth is advanced and heavy at the beginning of fall, it may be fed down or mowed, the growth that follows being sufficient for protection. In all cases, however, there must be a thick set, that alone gives full protection.

"There is another benefit from a thick set, mentioned in the article referred to, which is the smothering effect. This has been known for a long time, with however, little encouragement, on account of the thin stand too usual with farmers. I remember an interesting case, where a disconting hop-yard was put to wheat, and in

the spring sown to clover and timothy, twelve quarts of each per acre. The land was rich and in excellent order. While the grain occupied the ground, the clover and timothy were in the backward state. After the grain was removed, the seedling pushed forward, forming a large growth, which was fed down somewhat without apparent harm to the plants. The next summer the clover occupied the field densely, affording a heavy cutting, with a rapid and equally heavy growth following—plaster having been applied for the second growth. No timothy or weeds appeared; the clover had smothered all.

"There are other similar cases; the principle holds good. Where the ground is less strong and the crop lighter, as in general farming, the timothy asserts itself—the stand thick or thin, as the clover affected it—usually a rather light stand, with tall stems and large heads, often cut for seed. This led to sowing less clover in proportion to timothy; first one part of clover to two of timothy. The clover now is generally reduced to one-fourth of the mixture by measure, this furnishing about an equal growth of the two, with a full stand of timothy after the clover has disappeared. But with this thinning of the clover weeds have increased, as have also the native grasses, the weeds too often gaining the ascendancy. We thus have in clover a means of cleaning our grass land, as in working the soil we clean it for grain. But it must be done by a full growth, which is also the more profitable, and may be secured by plaster and a good seed bed on land sufficiently drained."

Bitter Butter.

"What makes my butter bitter, and what will prevent it," is the question frequently asked by farmers' wives during the winter months, and as anything which tends to throw light on the subject is read with interest, we reproduce the following from the columns of the *New England Farmer*:

"Butter is sometimes bitter in warm weather, though rarely so. It is most often noticed in October or November when the feed is getting poor and the weather is too cold either for cream to rise readily or for the milk to sour. Milk set in rooms where the temperature ranges during the twenty-four hours from forty-five degrees to fifty-five degrees throws up its cream so slowly, when set in shallow pans in the open air, that skimming is often delayed till the milk is forty-eight or sixty hours old. By this time, though not sour, as it would be in summer, it often has a very unpleasant taste, a very old taste if nothing worse. Not infrequently, the cream, as it lies upon the milk, will be decidedly bitter, and when this is the case the butter will also be bitter.

"We do not claim a sufficient knowledge of chemistry to be able to clearly explain why milk set at one temperature will throw up a good, sweet cream, at another temperature will sour in a very short time, and at still another temperature turn bitter or take on other very disagreeable flavors, but such we know to be the fact. The most unfavorable temperature, according to our experience, for butter making, has been near fifty or fifty-five degrees. Prof. Arnold explains the bitterness, we believe by showing, that, at this temperature, namely: fifty or fifty-five degrees, a vinous fermentation sets in, which develops the bitter and disagreeable tastes. A temperature either considerably lower or higher would favor other more desirable changes. If higher, lactic fermentation or common souring would take place, while if the temperature were reduced to forty degrees or less, all fermentation would be prevented or greatly retarded.

"Farmers who are troubled with bitter cream and bitter butter in cold weather often are perfectly successful in making good, sweet butter after scalding their milk when first brought in from the stables. Heating up to a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees will destroy ferment germs, and such scalding seems to make the milk richer and sweeter. Village housekeepers often heat the milk they receive from their milkmen to make it keep better. It is no small job to heat the milk of a large herd every morning and evening, especially with no better convenience than the kitchen stove, and if the cows are healthy, the feed of the best quality, and the temperature of the milk room is kept warm enough by artificial heat, there will seldom be any necessity for adding this labor to the usual routine of the dairy work; but if the conditions are not favorable to having sweet cream, scalding the milk will surely tend to render it so. We gave up scalding as a regular practice several years ago, believing that the quantity of butter was diminished thereby, and that with sufficient care in other directions the practice might be dispensed with. There are a few farmers who set their milk during cold weather in one of the coldest rooms in the house where it will freeze within a few hours. This method has been found to give butter of the richest quality, equal to that made by scalding the milk. Cream rises very fast in milk that is freezing, and the percentage of cream thrown up is scarcely equalled by any other method. The only serious difficulty is in securing a uniform temperature sufficiently low to freeze it quickly, though the work of skimming in a cold room, and again warming the milk for use is an objection. The cream is not usually frozen, and after warming up to the churning temperature comes to butter very readily. Scalding and freezing are probably the surest ways of preventing bitterness in butter at those seasons unfavorable to butter-making."

Wheat and meat are the staple foods in this country; but neither is capable of supporting the greatest population per acre. It is estimated that the amount of potatoes grown on an acre will sustain three times as many persons as the same area in wheat. This is on the supposition that good crops of both are produced.

I have used Simmons Liver Regulator in my extensive practice for the last ten years, and cannot find its equal for bilious colic, dyspepsia, sick or nervous headache and constipation.

Yours truly,
JAS. M. SHORT, M. D., Batavia, Ark.

A Foreign Cheese Show.

At Frome, England, a cheese show was lately held, of which an English journal says:

"At this year's show a new feature was introduced, namely, prizes for cheese made last year. The tendency of the times is to make a cheese that ripens quickly and so becomes ready for the market within a few weeks of making. There are great advantages to the maker from this; in the first place he has not to wait so long for the turn-over of his capital, and the cheese being sold comparatively green, of course weighs heavier than when the ripening process is longer, and the evaporation of moisture greater. There is with this early maturity a lack of keeping qualities, so much prized by our grandfathers. The 'old cheese' class at Frome bore out this view. Except the first prize lot, which was by far the best sample cheese in the show, there was an utter absence of good quality, while some of the lots were exceeding rancid in flavor. Some of the writers upon this competition have arrived at the conclusion that if a cheese has to be kept into the next season the milk from which it is made needs to be robbed of part of its richness. It may be so with Somerset cheddar, but it is not so with Scotch cheddar, that we now eat from a Scotch cheddar that must have been made four months, and it is very rich and quite pure in flavor. There seems to be a marked difference in the texture of Scotch cheddars and Somerset, and this is illustrated in the case of the prize-winner of the old cheese named above, for he showed some new cheese which was so hard that it could be scarcely ironed, and the judges declared that, except for export to a hot country, it was absolutely unsuitable. Yet, as shown by his old cheese being mellow and ripe, but pure flavored, that though so hard when young, it develops by long keeping into the first class pure flavored cheese. The texture of the Scotch cheddars, which are well made and will stand keeping for a year or a year and a half, is of a waxy and not of a gritty character."

A Word for Mutton.

The mutton of a well fed sheep of every breed, from the Downs and Shires down to the little wooled Saxony, is palatable and healthful. None of the objections urged against the use of pork can be brought against that of mutton. It never has been known to impart scrofula, trichinae or tape-worms to its consumers. The sheep does not thrive in the mire, nor does it consume garbage or vermin, or decayed meats or vegetables. It does not wallow in the trough it feeds from, but it is a dainty and careful feeder, and as cleanly as needs be in its habits. Mutton is more easily and cheaply produced than beef, as just as nutritious, and may be served in as great a variety of forms. As a steady food it is far superior to poultry, and costs no more. We mean fat, juicy mutton, not that from the half-starved, scabby, or foot-discarded specimens that have outlived their breeding age and been shorn of fleeces enough to furnish shoddy blankets for a tribe of Indians. People in cities seldom know how really good mutton tastes, and the remark may also apply to most families on the farm. The latter too often fail to try it. We know of many well-to-do farmers, men who have well-stocked farms, who do not slaughter a sheep during a twelvemonth, yet who kill a pig every month in the summer season, and in the fall "put down" pork enough to last every other month during the year. This is a nation of meat eaters, but it confines itself too exclusively to pork and beef. It is better to sandwich in a little more mutton. A few sheep for family consumption, even when they are not kept for sale or for wool, will be found a most excellent investment on all farms.—*L. S. Coffin.*

Indigenous Potatoes.

Mr. John G. Lemmon, a member of the California Academy of Sciences, has made a very important discovery. He has recently returned from a botanical excursion of several months in the range of rugged mountains in Arizona along the Mexican frontier. The discovery is that of two or three varieties of native indigenous potatoes, some of which were growing in mountain meadows, whose surrounding peaks were 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. The specimens were about as large as walnuts, and they were to be distributed among careful cultivators, who will experiment with them for a number of years to see what can be made of them. The original home of the potato has long been a matter of dispute, but we now know where one home is to a certainty. It is among the probabilities that from these Arizona tubers will come a new and vigorous race of potatoes to take the place of the short-lived varieties now grown. It is true we get occasional new and fine varieties from seed balls, but after all they are from the same old stock, the inheritors of disease and constitutional weakness, as is proved by the fact that all of them "run out" after a few years. They do not cease to appear in our markets because they are superseded by better varieties, but because they cease to be productive. Prof. Lemmon's discovery will be hailed with delight by scientists the world over.

Ornamental Possibilities of Cheese.

At the Union Dairy Show recently held in Milwaukee, the exhibits of cheese were arranged in various fanciful forms. An obelisk was constructed entirely of cheeses piled in layers, with evergreens wreathed between the layers, to the height of 26 feet. To build it required 15,000 pounds of cheese. Another exhibit consisted of a "log-house," walls, roof and trimmings all made of cheeses of different sizes, requiring 1,100 large cheeses, and the building was 14 by 18 feet, and 20 feet in height, all weighing 45,000 pounds. Near by was a pyramid composed of 1,000 packages of creamy butter, rising to a height of nearly 30 feet. The most beautiful exhibit was a Swiss chalet, built of little fancy cheeses, the largest size being eight pounds. It was a most attractive object, as all its appointments were complete, even to a portico supported by columns of cheese.

Agricultural Items.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Massachusetts *Ploughman* says that potatoes growing by exposure to sun and air while green, if planted for seed are quick to grow, but the resulting crop consists largely of small sized tubers. Unripe potatoes used for seed do not give quite as good results as those which are fully matured.

HOLLAND has been the largest purchaser of American oleomargarine for a long time, and has used it to such an extent in adulterating the butter sent to England that "Dutch butter" is inseparably connected with oleomargarine, and the reputation of Holland butter irreparably ruined. It won't be a great while before the reputation of American butter will be equally bad.

An Ohio farmer who purchased sheep which had been raised on a farm infested with eye-daisies kept them confined for several days, before the mature milk contained seeds that would germinate. He forgot, however, that the seed might be carried in the wool, and consequently his farm received the obnoxious weeds he feared. He exterminated them by digging them out, root and branch, wherever found.

The editor of an Eastern agricultural journal says: "In the course of a ride of five miles, in a good farming county in Massachusetts lately, we saw three mowing machines standing out in the snow, just where their careless owners had left them when they got through using them last summer. If we were making or selling mowing machines, we should be tickled to death when we saw the farmers rusting out their tools more in one winter than they could wear them out in three summers."

The *American Cultivator* says: "The quotations of gilt-edged butter at 80 cents and 81 per pound are merely nominal and misleading. It means that certain makers of really fine fresh dairy butter have succeeded in securing a limited class of wealthy customers who like the flavor of their dairy product, and who are willing to pay a fancy price for the gratification of their palate. No one of the very few butter-makers who receive these fancy prices in Boston market could double his present sales without materially reducing his prices. There is but a limited circle of consumers who will pay 40 to 45 cents for even a choice article of butter."

What is called the "lazy-bed" method is used in England to considerable extent in the culture of potatoes, and is as follows: It consists in laying off the ground in four or five foot beds, with intervening trenches from 18 to 24 inches in width. After the dung is laid on the beds, and the potatoes planted on the surface, the earth from the trenches is shovelled over the dung and the sets, which are covered to a depth of three or four inches. A second and further earthings may be applied as the plants advance in growth. No plan is better for wet bog land, low marshy places, and rough rocky grounds which obstruct the action of the plow.

THEY BEING GOOD PRICES.—J. S. Cooper, a prominent horse-dealer of Chicago, said in reference to one-half and three-quarter Percheron-Norman horses: "They are the finest looking, most attractive. Gray being the prevailing color of the French horses, and that being the most fashionable color, it enhances the price. I would advise farmers to breed their mares to Normans in preference to any other breed, and to breed lots of them, as the demand is far ahead of the supply."—*Chicago Tribune.* Mr. W. Dunham, Wayne, Ill., has imported from France and bred nearly 1,000 of this breed in their purity, and now has nearly 400 on hand.

B. F. JOHNSON says in the *Country Gentleman* that strong-growing varieties, like the White Cuzco and the Peachbloss, when planted near or in the hill with other less vigorous varieties, which blossom and mature about the same time, will so influence or cross with each other that the tubers will be neither one variety or the other, but a mixture. These are hybrids, not sports, since they are never found except where two distinct varieties are planted near each other. This peculiarity explains why the finer and more delicate kinds, like the Neshaun and Early Rose, deteriorate so quickly, and why the stronger varieties, like the Cuzco and the Peachbloss, longer maintain their ground.

Riches in Hop Farming.

At the present prices, ten acres in hops will bring more money than five hundred acres in any other farming; and if there is a consumer or dealer who thinks the price of Hop Bitters high, remember that Hops are \$1.25 per pound, and the quantity and quality of Hops in Hop Bitters and the price the same as formerly. Don't buy or use worthless stuff or imitations because the price is less.

The Poultry Yard.

FEATHER-EATING.—Fowls which have permission to run wherever they will, or even the run of a large lot or yard, seldom acquire bad habits, nor are troubled with lice or vermin to any extent. Of course a free run is not always possible. Fowls in confinement are apt to contract vicious habits, chief among which is feather-eating. It is often necessary to confine fowls in certain portions of the season, if not the whole year, and during the period of inactivity they learn this bad trick, which they seldom give up. One teaches another, and they soon denude the bodies of the cocks, and then begin to pluck one another. Feather-eating begins, in the first place, from a lack of something better to do, and at length an appetite is acquired. Cocks are rarely or never guilty of it. Fowls that are confined should be well supplied with vegetable and animal food. This prevents much mischief. When milk may be had, a basin given daily is of great benefit in supplying the lack of vegetable and animal food, and at the same time giving occupation. When fowls are at large they gather innumerable insects and other wild food. When confined they are shut off from this, and feather-eating is learned.

In breeding geese the surplus goslings are killed off every year. None need be saved for wintering and breeding except it may be well to keep one or two fine geese to take the place of old birds, killed or hurt by accident. Geese lay regularly, breed and rear their goslings well for fifty to eighty years, and it is said, they grow tougher every year. So if one has a good breeding goose, one which does her own duty well, and is reasonably peaceful toward other inhabitants of the farmyard, it is best to keep her for years. Sometimes a goose will be very cross, killing ducklings and chickens, attacking children—

etc. Such an one is a fit candidate for the spit. Ganders are generally much worse, and usually one more than five or six years old becomes absolutely unbearable. No provision is naturally made to replace the old ganders every three or four years. It is besides necessary to do so, for though a young gander will attend four geese very well, an old one confines his attention to one only, and often proves infertile at six or eight years old, getting crosser all the time.

CRACKED CORN is one of the best feeds for chickens, after they are four weeks old. Until they are four weeks old they never ought to be fed on anything but cooked food.

No sufferer from any scrofulous disease, who will fairly try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, need despair of a cure. It will purge the blood of all impurities, thereby destroying the germs from which scrofula is developed, and will infuse new life and vigor throughout the whole physical organization.

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No family should be without LOOSE'S RED CLOVER PILLS. They cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation, and act on the liver and kidneys. In boxes of 25 pills, 25c; 50c; \$1. For sale by all druggists, or address J. M. LOOSE, CO., Monroe, Mich. Send for testimonials. Beware of imitations, and get only the genuine. Far and near, Williams & Co., Sec. & Distrib., James E. Davis & Co., Wholesale Agents, Detroit.

YOUNG HEIFERS.

The Chicago and Montana Live Stock Co. desire cattle dealers and others having young heifers for sale to send the number, age, quality and price per head, delivered at Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill. Address J. R. WICKERHAM, Sec., 39-41 Room 4, Metropolitan Block, Chicago, Ill.

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EARLY MINNESOTA SWEET CORN

Eden and practical growers now want to "our motto" "That the further North Seeds are grown the better the quality." We offer this year a full line of Standard Potatoes, early, medium and late, all of the best quality. Blue Stem Wheat, White Russian Oats, Blue Stem Wheat, Blue Stem Corn, Blue Stem Soybeans, Blue Stem Alfalfa, Blue Stem Clover, Blue Stem Rape, Blue Stem Turnips, Blue Stem Cabbages, Blue Stem Cauliflowers, Blue Stem Broccoli, Blue Stem Asparagus, Blue Stem Beans, Blue Stem Peas, Blue Stem Lentils, Blue Stem Chickpeas, Blue Stem Mung Beans, Blue Stem Vetch, Blue Stem Lucerne, Blue Stem Medick, Blue Stem Trefoil, Blue Stem Clover, Blue Stem Rape, Blue Stem Turnips, Blue Stem Cabbages, Blue Stem Cauliflowers, Blue Stem Broccoli, Blue Stem Asparagus, Blue Stem Beans, Blue Stem Peas, Blue Stem Lentils, Blue Stem Chickpeas, Blue Stem Mung Beans, Blue Stem Vetch, Blue Stem Lucerne, Blue Stem Medick, Blue Stem Trefoil, Blue Stem Clover, Blue Stem Rape, Blue Stem Turnips, Blue Stem Cabbages, Blue Stem Cauliflowers, Blue Stem Broccoli, Blue Stem Asparagus, Blue Stem Beans, Blue Stem Peas, Blue Stem Lentils, Blue Stem Chickpeas, Blue Stem Mung Beans, Blue Stem Vetch, Blue Stem Lucerne, Blue Stem 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Horticultural.

Winter Pruning.

There are times when practice and theory do not apparently agree, and winter pruning is a case in point. The older gardeners have been taught that fresh wounds, during cold freezing weather, would not heal; that disease would certainly set in, causing death or permanent injury to a portion of the tree at least. Theory certainly teaches that when the inner organism of the wood is exposed, the air at a low temperature will freeze the delicate parts, and death must result; yet we find our nurserymen of later years pruning their trees during very cold weather, on account of the personal comfort to themselves, arising from the dry, firm ground to walk on; and no ill effects arise therefrom. The old saying of "pruning whenever your knife is sharp," is not so far from the truth after all, although prejudicial, at least, will incline us to defer the operation until the mild days of early spring.

How to prune is a question of difficult solution, owing to the individual experience and preference of our teachers in the matter.

A system that has proved entirely satisfactory to more than one, is performed somehow in this wise: In the earlier stages of the tree's life, after it has become established in the orchard or garden, select three branches, as nearly as possible together, and at a height from the ground depending upon the desired length of body. These three branches should diverge at equal angles, and resemble what botanists term a "sucker." About eighteen inches above this whorl, another set of three branches should be encouraged to start out, and all others between the two sets must be rubbed or cut off. This arrangement of branches must be continued as the leading shoot increases in height. As to the side branches, growing out of the selected branches, these must be thinned out with judgment, allowing only sufficient to remain to form an open healthy top. If headed in too much, a crowded head will result, which is a waste of vitality. Pruning causes strong growth, but at the same time it will be at the expense of the tree's constitution. The main points in pruning trees may be summed up in a very few words. Commence when the plant is very young, and no harm will result from removing the slender young twigs, but if allowed to remain until they assume the size of thick branches, more or less injury will result.

Be sure to give the cut portion of large wounds a coating of shellac dissolved in alcohol, or when very large, wrap up in moist clay and cow-manure. Dull tools invariably leave a rough jagged surface which is more difficult to heal over than a perfectly smooth cut.

In the ornamental department, no set rules can be laid down to guide the inexperienced arboriculturist, but any one with an eye for symmetrical proportions can induce the head of a favorite specimen to assume proper proportions and outline. If the tree inclines to become straggling, with long shoots, bare of branches, they must be well headed back; and if the limbs spread too much, cut to an inside bud, but if on the contrary, they grow too closely together, then select an outside bud to cut back to. It is preferable to encourage a straight leading shoot to all trees, and never allow it to fork under any circumstances. More trees are injured by high winds when in the latter condition, than from any other source.—*American Garden.*

Desirable Varieties of Garden Vegetables.

From a report of a meeting of the Boston Horticultural Society, published in the *New England Farmer*, at which the subject of new and meritorious garden vegetables was discussed, we make the following extracts:

Mr. Benjamin Ware said: "We have had quite a number of new squashes introduced. The Butman squash is very new in some respects, and is very desirable for amateurs, but for a crop it is not the squash wanted. The Marbledhead is new in one sense, and in another it is not. He found that there was a peculiar resemblance in color between it and the Hubbard squash, and the Marbledhead is simply a branch from the Hubbard squash. It does not crop as well as the Hubbard squash, so that farmers in Marbledhead are beginning to give it up. The Essex hybrid squash, introduced by Mr. Aaron Low, is really an acquisition. We have in it the fine quality of the Turban squash and the keeping quality of the Hubbard squash. It is a rapid grower, and can be planted as late as July. In many parts of Massachusetts a maggot has killed whole crops of squash. By planting late we escape the worm that injures the squash. Another remedy for this maggot is, after the vine has got up, to put earth six inches deep over the vine. This does not injure the vine, and is a perfect remedy against this maggot."

"The cabbage crop is quite popular in Marbledhead, and has proved the most profitable there for the past four years. The improved Brunswick has had a run of some years. It has lost a little of its earliness and has gained something in size. Our Marbledhead farmers have found that it is not so reliable as the Stonemason cabbage. The Stonemason was introduced some forty years ago. It was produced from seed obtained at that time from the Agricultural Bureau at Washington. It is the best new cabbage that has been introduced, is perfectly reliable and makes excellent heads. The American Improved Savoy is a new and improved cabbage. It is as good to head as any cabbage we have, and grows to a good size."

"In order to have a constant succession of good peas we should plant at the same time four varieties of different degrees of earliness; the Daniel O'Rourke, Bliss's American Wonder, McLean's Advance, and the Champion of England. These come in succession and supply constant crops, especially if planted two or three times in a year. The last planting will, however, be quite uncertain, though ex-

tremely desirable. Of turnips, the White Egg Turnip is very desirable.

"Mr. J. H. Gregory, of Marbledhead, alluded to his first experience in connection with the Hubbard, the Butman and the Marbledhead squashes. These fine vegetables ought not to be discarded because they are more expensive, and should be retained at least for market gardening. He doubted if covering the vines with earth would fully protect them from insects. The Stonemason cabbage has developed a tendency to decay at the stump. The Burbank potato is later than the Early Rose. The matter of earliness is important in potatoes, so as to escape the great swarm of insects. The early Munich turnip is the earliest of all turnips, and is very desirable. The John Bull pea is a new one and is the stockiest of all peas. It is the best of stocky peas for yielding. The Marbledhead Early Horticultural bean is one of the earliest of all beans. The Excelsior melon is one of the best of watermelons. The Valencia melon will be found good for those who can mature a late melon. Hancock's Early Pea is the best early pea for uniformity. The Little Gem squash is an excellent variety, though not suitable for pies."

"Mr. Philbrick said that the Early Drumhead cabbage is early enough to be followed up by a crop of squash on the same land. Of foreign vegetables Brussels sprouts should be cultivated more freely. Mr. Atkinson said that Brussels sprouts must be planted early, so as to escape the frosts; they should be more encouraged than they have been, and a good demand will spring up for them."

New England Theories on Growing Celery.

"Boston celery" has a reputation for having a peculiar quality and flavor, as distinctive as that of "Boston baked beans" and like them, being "the best in the world." At a late meeting of the Boston Horticultural Society, which is attended by well known market gardeners and others versed on such subjects, as J. H. Gregory, W. D. Philbrick, J. W. Manning, et al., the discussion was in reference to growing celery, and from the report we condense as follows:

"Celery should be kept growing as much as possible, because if it gets a bad check it is likely to run to seed. Celery growers of late years have been in the habit of raising their supply from the seed the first year. This forcing process has had a tendency to cause celery to run to seed. The practice of earthing up in the early part of the season has been abandoned by many. The earth should be kept level until the fall. The ordinary method of keeping celery is to put it in a pit covered with boards and other material to prevent freezing. The temperature should be as near freezing as possible without actually reaching it. If the pit is too warm it needs airing. Celery will not keep well in a cellar, because the atmosphere is too dry. In Boston, the market men don't want to have anything to do with any variety except the well-known Boston market celery. At the present there is considerable western celery in the market, coming mainly from Cincinnati. The stalks are long and the flavor is not so good as our Boston variety, but it sells much cheaper. In storing celery the custom is to place a little earth around the roots, but the earth must not be put in tight enough to crowd it. Peat is not the best land to grow celery in. When peat land has no mixture of loam it is apt to suffer from drouth, and celery suffers very readily from this cause. There is more celery lost by want of manure than anything else, and people are not generally aware how much manure it takes for a crop. It does not matter how long you grow celery on the same land; it will do equally well. It can be grown on sandy soil if it can be protected from drouth. In Arlington a good deal of horse manure is used, which acts as a sort of sponge to keep the moisture from too rapid evaporation. Low land affects the character of the celery for the better. Ex-President Wilder said that he had tried all the new kinds of celery, and found that every one had failed to come up to the celery of the Boston market. It is the best celery on this continent. If grown more coarsely it becomes pithy. The best way is to grow it out in the open soil and not to transplant it too readily. It is surprising how much fertilization it will take. If celery is well grown it is profitable. The compost made of horse manure and street sweepings is hard to beat for the fertilizing of celery. There is a method of bleaching celery with meadow moss. There has been a good deal of trouble of late years with celery in its running to seed. It cannot be attributed to a change in the character of season, but may be due to the fact that many early spring will flower the same season just as an annual will."

Herbaceous Perennials.

Those having herbaceous plants in their gardens which they are desirous of keeping vigorous, should heed the following from the *American Cultivator*:

"In the culture of herbaceous plants it is well to remember that generally a part dies every year. They seldom come up in exactly the same place every year, but a bud or runner pushes out and the old part dies. Though all herbaceous plants move in some such manner, they do not all go directly underground, but make bunched stalks just above ground. In their native places of growth they manage to get covered with decaying leaves from the woods or shifting sands on the plains, but in cultivation nothing of this kind can be naturally accomplished, and unless art comes to aid the plants they soon die away. An auricle, a primrose, or a carnation is a good illustration of this. In the two former a new crown is formed on the top of the old one, and as the lower parts in time die away, unless new earth is drawn up, success with such flowers will not be great. The best plan is to take up and replant every few years, or cover the running parts above ground with earth, so that they may have a chance to get new roots from the advancing stocks. This is noticed here at this season to show that earth is the natural covering for herbaceous plants; and therefore one of the surest ways of preserving them safe through winter is to draw earth over them. In the spring they can be unearthed and then divided and set a trifle deeper than before, which is all they want. We are often asked how they preserve carnations, crysanthemums, pansies, phloxes, hollyhocks and so forth, safe till spring. The principles here laid down will explain the practice. Seeds of many herbaceous plants sown in the fall or early spring will flower the same season just as an annual will."

Peppermint Oil.

A correspondent wrote to us lately in regard to peppermint and peppermint oil. The culture of peppermint is quite simple. The land is plowed and harrowed and marked out in rows eighteen inches apart. Cuttings of the plants are then dropped in these rows and covered. The ground is kept free from weeds, and should be rich and rather moist than dry. The crop is cut when in blossom, as it then contains the most oil. The apparatus for distilling the oil is quite simple. A boiler to make steam, a wooden tub to receive plants from which the oil is to be extracted, which is usually four or five feet in diameter and about the same height, with cover fitting tight, and a tub of cold water about the same size as the distilling tub, but without cover. A coiled tin pipe or worm about two inches in diameter and one hundred or more feet in length is made to go inside the water tub, extending from the top downward to the bottom of the tub, where it makes a turn at right angles with the side of the tub and passes through it, the joint being made water-tight. The upper end of the worm is connected with the upper portion of the distilling tub by a tin pipe. To distill, the plant-receiving tub is filled with fresh cut peppermint—a wagon load or more—connected with the boiler, the steam from the boiler enters at the bottom; the water-tub is filled with water. When steam is let into the plant-tub the oil in the plants is

vaporized and passes over into the condenser, whence it issues at the bottom as peppermint oil. More or less water passes over, but as the specific gravity is greater than that of the oil it seeks the lower part of the vessel. Considerable skill and judgment are required in the management. A still large enough to work up several acres costs from \$200 to \$300.

The following suggestions from the Commissioner of Agriculture from Tennessee are worthy of consideration: "A great many bones are wasted on every farm that make valuable manure, and are easily prepared for use. Let a barrel be devoted to the bones, and whenever a bone is thrown into it, cover it up with unleached ashes. Let the barrel stand in the weather, and in a few months the bones will be so friable that they may be easily broken and converted into an unadulterated bone dust better than can be bought at any of the agricultural stores. Or, if he cannot wait for this slow process, they are easily burned and crushed. In making soap much fine phosphate of lime is thrown out in the shape of half-eaten bones, and in lye. Soapuds are also a fine addition to the manure of compost heaps. In these are found not only the alkalies of soda and potash, but also much nitrogenous matter in the shape of grease. All these assist in enriching our heap. No farm yard is without the best guano. It is true the guano of the shops is from sea-birds, whose food is fish, but the guano of the chicken-house is exceedingly valuable and well worth saving. Mixing it with soil or ashes and sowing over a garden plot rather thinly—for it is very rich—its effects are seen to the row. However the dung of fowls and especially of pigeons, is best applied in the form of solution. It is not apt to burn up the plants in this manner. One part of manure to 10 parts of water will make a fine wash for vines, or for fruit trees; it is unexcelled. Another addition to the heap is skins, carrion, either of animals or fowls, scales of fishes, hair, hoofs, in fact every kind of animal substance that may come within reach that is worthless."

Parsnips.

This vegetable, which is seldom seen in country gardens, is nevertheless "very good eating," and is deserving of culture, especially as its keeping qualities render it a pleasant addition to a winter's bill of fare. The following on the method of growing is from the *American Gardener*:

"The parsnip flourishes best, and produces the largest, longest, and smoothest roots when grown quickly, in a very rich, deep soil, for, if fresh manure is given, the roots will become forked; or, if the seeds are sown in a shallow or poor soil, the roots will be of small size, tough, forked, and almost worthless."

"The best and easiest method of obtaining a satisfactory crop is to prepare the ground thoroughly the previous season. This should be done by plowing or digging the ground very deep, and at the same time working in an abundance of decomposed stable manure in which a quantity of bone-dust has been mixed. If at all possible, let the ground be thrown up in ridges throughout the winter, and as soon as the ground is in working condition in the spring, a good sprinkling of guano should be given, the ground neatly leveled, and the seed sown in drills from eighteen inches to two feet apart. The seed should be covered to the depth of three-quarters of an inch, and as soon as the young plants are from three to four inches in height they should be thinned out to a distance of six or eight inches apart. All the care and attention they require after this is to be well cultivated and kept free from weeds at all times."

"The roots are perfectly hardy, and are very much improved by leaving them in the ground during the winter, care being taken to bring enough in the cellar to last during the cold weather. The roots require to be covered with sand when placed in the cellar, thus preventing them from becoming dry. One ounce of seed will sow about one hundred and fifty feet row, and as the seed is thin and scale-like, it will not retain its vitality for over a year."

Black Walnuts.

A Minnesota gentleman writes to the *Elmira Farmer's Club*, giving the following directions for raising black walnuts, which are published in the *Husbandman*:

"I have had some experience in raising black walnuts and find that it is better to plant the seeds where you want them to grow. It takes more care, but the better results will repay the extra care. But when planted in a nursery it is a good plan to take a sharp spade and cut off the tap-root ten inches below the surface, in the spring when the trees are one year old, which causes them to send out large numbers of small roots near the surface, does not check growth of the trees like transplanting, and is equally as efficient. If we plant black walnuts for timber the seeds should be planted two in a hill four feet apart, in rows eight feet apart, and when two years old thin out to one plant in a place. Rows of potatoes can be raised between the rows of trees. Trees grown in such a manner, and well tended for three years and then well mulched, will grow up straight and make good timber, while if planted singly for a shade in the pasture they will branch out low down, making a good shade, but it will take the bodies of about three trees to make one good saw-log."

Horticultural Notes.

Prof. J. L. Budd says the scions of Russian apples sent to the Iowa Agricultural College were judiciously selected from varieties grown in the latitude of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and he prophesies their future success in this country.

H. A. Chase, in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, says the tendency of Kieffer's hybrid pear is to overbear, frequently setting twice as much fruit as it is able to mature.

The best remedy for this, he thinks, but if plenty of plant food is furnished the tree, it will mature a larger quantity of fruit than any other variety. The trees come into bearing early, not unfrequently in the third year from the bud, and the pears, he says, have no superior for culinary purposes.

Prof. Riley says the plum curculio is found and easily shaken down from the tree, while the apple curculio hangs on and is dislodged with the greatest difficulty. The plum curculio transforms in the ground, the apple curculio in the fruit. Insects of this character can be trapped by laying pieces of bark or wood around the trees early in the spring. The curculio will gather under them, and can be easily destroyed.

A peach orchard planted and left without attention, as is so frequently seen, will hardly last more than ten years. Of these, four are required for the tree to attain the age of fruitage, and as there are rather more than two years of total failure in every five, not more than three or four crops are realized. Now, if the orchard is properly cared for, pruned and wormed, they are quite certain to be in a better state of preservation when 30 years old than the neglected ones at ten, and the number of years of profit are very nearly doubled.

A New York city commission man says that during a 30 years business in his line he has never known a good apple sort to be as scarce as this season. Gotham is drawing her supply from a wider range of territory than ever before, and still cannot get enough. The best in that market so far have come from the orchards about Lake Champlain. Prices run up to \$4 for Baldwins, Greenings, and Gillflowers; Fameuse, \$5; and Spitzenburg and Kings, \$5 to \$7. Choice Newtown pippins, packed for export to Europe, command \$30 per barrel. Last spring Northern Spy apples sold in the New York market for \$9 per barrel, but the dealer said this spring they will be much higher, if indeed they are to be had at all.

An exchange tells a story of a square Maine farmer which is well worth reading. Five years ago this farmer sold his apple crop to a traveling buyer; he selected and packed the fruit most carefully, and put into each barrel a slip containing his name and address, with a request for a report from the purchaser of their condition when opened and the satisfaction they gave. He had no idea of their destination, but it so happened that the lot went abroad and into the hands of a dealer near Liverpool, who was so much pleased with their quality and condition that he wrote the grower to offer to take his next crop directly; this offer was accepted, and the wise grower has since had a permanent customer. Had he been more sharp

vaporized and passes over into the condenser, whence it issues at the bottom as peppermint oil. More or less water passes over, but as the specific gravity is greater than that of the oil it seeks the lower part of the vessel. Considerable skill and judgment are required in the management. A still large enough to work up several acres costs from \$200 to \$300.

Home-Made Fertilizers.

The following suggestions from the Commissioner of Agriculture from Tennessee are worthy of consideration: "A great many bones are wasted on every farm that make valuable manure, and are easily prepared for use. Let a barrel be devoted to the bones, and whenever a bone is thrown into it, cover it up with unleached ashes. Let the barrel stand in the weather, and in a few months the bones will be so friable that they may be easily broken and converted into an unadulterated bone dust better than can be bought at any of the agricultural stores. Or, if he cannot wait for this slow process, they are easily burned and crushed. In making soap much fine phosphate of lime is thrown out in the shape of half-eaten bones, and in lye. Soapuds are also a fine addition to the manure of compost heaps. In these are found not only the alkalies of soda and potash, but also much nitrogenous matter in the shape of grease. All these assist in enriching our heap. No farm yard is without the best guano. It is true the guano of the shops is from sea-birds, whose food is fish, but the guano of the chicken-house is exceedingly valuable and well worth saving. Mixing it with soil or ashes and sowing over a garden plot rather thinly—for it is very rich—its effects are seen to the row. However the dung of fowls and especially of pigeons, is best applied in the form of solution. It is not apt to burn up the plants in this manner. One part of manure to 10 parts of water will make a fine wash for vines, or for fruit trees; it is unexcelled. Another addition to the heap is skins, carrion, either of animals or fowls, scales of fishes, hair, hoofs, in fact every kind of animal substance that may come within reach that is worthless."

The Bad and Worthless.

are never included. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy imitated is of the highest value. As it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and the people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with various devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations and counterfeiters of the real Hop Bitters. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch of cluster of green hops, the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

WOMAN CAN HEALTH OF WOMAN SYMPATHIZE WITH IS THE HOPE OF WOMAN THE RACE

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, including Leucorrhoea, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Indigestion and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, Pro-LAPSUS UTERI, &c.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every variety of Humors from the blood, and cleanse the system, and strengthen the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

FOR THE Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 25 and 35 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either \$1. Sent by mail for \$2. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *None but Paper.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LITTLE PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

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STRICTLY VEGETABLE MANDRAKE PILLS, CURE Headache, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Constipation, and PURIFY THE BLOOD.

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In 30 years—Each number the special remedy for an ailment—The only Simple, Safe and Sure Medicines for the people. 1. Fever, Cough, Indigestion, &c. 2. Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Cough. 3. Crying Colic, or Teething in Infants. 4. Diarrhoea of Children or Adults. 5. Cholera, Grippe, Bilious Colic. 6. Cholera Morbus, Vomiting. 7. Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache. 8. Headache, Stomachic, Biliousness. 9. Rheumatism, Bilious Stomach. 10. Stomachic, Biliousness. 11. Stomachic, Biliousness. 12. Stomachic, Biliousness. 13. Stomachic, Biliousness. 14. Stomachic, Biliousness. 15. Stomachic, Biliousness. 16. Stomachic, Biliousness. 17. Stomachic, Biliousness. 18. Stomachic, Biliousness. 19. Stomachic, Biliousness. 20. Stomachic, Biliousness. 21. Stomachic, Biliousness. 22. Stomachic, Biliousness. 23. Stomachic, Biliousness. 24. Stomachic, Biliousness. 25. Stomachic, Biliousness. 26. Stomachic, Biliousness. 27. Stomachic, Biliousness. 28. Stomachic, Biliousness. 29. Stomachic, Biliousness. 30. 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Poetry.

"WE RAN AWAY."

Two little rascally darlings, they stood
Hand clasped in hand, and eyes full of glee,
Stock still in the midst of the crowded street,
Naughtily as ever children could be.

Horses to right of them, horses to left,
Men hurrying breathless to and fro,
Nobody stopping to wonder at them,
Nobody there with a right to know.

Oh, what a chance for a full truant joy!
Earth holds no other equal delight,
Mark! it is over—a shriek fills the air,
A woman's face flashes pallid white:

"O babies! whose are you? How came you here?"
The busy street halts aghast, at bay;
Serenely smile the infants, as heavenly clear
They both speak together: "We ran away!"

The crowd and the bustle swayed on again,
The babies were safe and had lost their fun;
And who saw felt a secret pain,
Half envy of what the babies had done:

And said in our hearts: "Alack! if we tell
The truth, and the whole truth, and must say,
We never get now so good a time
As we used to have when 'we ran away.'"

—Wide Awake.

WAIT.

Why make such haste? Why eorn delay?
Of no avail thy eager pace;
Stand still and wait, and watch and pray,
For what is thine shall find its place.

Why struggle so 'gainst time and fate?
Why care for storms and troubled sea?
Oh, fold thy feeble hands and wait,
Since what is thine shall come to thee.

The wind may drive thy bark astray;
Drifting afar thou may'st be;
Sleeping or waking, night and day,
The shore thou seek'st waits for thee.

The clover nodding in the wind
E'en now is plighted to thee;
Sigh not; ah, lover, thou art blind!
If she is thine she'll wait for thee.

The stars must find their place—the sky,
The rivers reach their gome—the sea,
"Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,"
Can keep thine own away from thee.

—Ella A. Giles.

Miscellaneous.

MY HOUSEBREAKING.

Aristarchus is the most genial and amiable of men, and only two things have ever succeeded in ruffling the even calm of his temper; a thin cut of beefsteak or an effort of mine at housebreaking will transform this most amiable of men into a veritable scold. I am by no means a common burglar; the house into which I break is always my own, and necessity, not choice, impels me to this mode of entrance. After our trip to the Sandwich Islands, mother was sent for by an invalid aunt who lived out west, and Aristarchus accepted an offer from a church near Boston to supply its pulpit for a year. When we took possession of our small city home, two keys were given us, one for the front door and the other for the back entrance; I gave the former to Aristarchus and kept the latter myself.

The first time the house was left alone was one day when Aristarchus had gone to a conference, and Leander was at school. Miranda Dorothea and I went out for a little walk and to do some marketing. I never thought of the key, which happened to be in my best dress pocket. When we came home I naturally thought of that key and remembered where it was. We walked disconsolately about the house and examined the windows; every one was fastened as securely as if a besieging army had been expected to make an attack upon it! I looked about in the yard for weapons with which to assault my own castle; I found a broken chair and a clothes pole. I took the latter and deliberately broke the back window of the library just over the fastening; then I stepped on the chair, reached and unfastened the window, raised it, and lifted Miranda Dorothea in, and she opened the door for me. When Leander came from school, I sent him for a glazier, and while the glazier was setting the glass Aristarchus arrived. He looked at me, and I felt so small that I wondered that I had not tried to get in through the key-hole instead of breaking the window. Then Aristarchus said he hoped that would be a lesson to me. After that I decided to keep the key in my wallet, as I seldom left the house without that.

One day Miranda Dorothea and I were going to spend the day with friends in Chelsea. Leander was to join us there after school, and return with us after tea. Aristarchus was too busy to accompany us, and, when we started, was out making calls. After we left the house I put my hand in my pocket to make sure that my portmanteau was there, and I soon made sure that it was not there! I then remembered that I had laid it on the table while I put on my bonnet. It was impossible to go with neither car tickets nor money; it seemed equally impossible to re-enter the house without a key. Miranda Dorothea reminded me that the back window of the kitchen had been left open. We went around there and looked at it. It was very high from the ground. There was not a thing in the yard to step on. I found a section of eaves-spout loose, and succeeded in tearing it down, vaguely wondering, meanwhile, while I should say if my landlord should appear on the scene. I planted one end firmly on the ground, and rested the other against the house beneath the window. Then I invited Miranda Dorothea to walk up this inclined plane, with my assistance. She refused. I insisted; the case was an urgent one. Miranda Dorothea eventually walked up the eaves spout with my help, and while I held her by the ankles, tore down the screen and climbed in the window. As she disappeared from my view, I heard a splash, a fall, and quick succession of screams!

"Miranda Dorothea," I called, as soon as there was a sufficient lull in the noise to admit of being heard, "I can not get in to help you until you open the door."

"I can't get up! I'm most drowned! I'm dying!" was the answer.

"Very well," said I, "you can lie there and finish the operation at your leisure." The unsympathetic tone of my voice, even more than the exigencies of the occasion, stimulated the child to get up and

open the door, and I entered. I had that morning made the experiment of coloring an old cashmere dress black, and had carelessly left the dye standing in a pail, directly under that kitchen window. Into this pail of dye Miranda Dorothea had stepped, and being frightened, lost her balance and fell, tipping over the pail, and completely saturating herself with its contents! When we left the house she was dressed in white; she was now robed in Egyptian darkness.

"I never saw such a sight!" I exclaimed. "I told you I was dying," sobbed the dripping object; "you said this morning the cloth would die if you put it into that stuff!"

I quieted the child by explaining that by dyeing I meant coloring, and began to repair the damage as well as I could. After I had given the child a bath and dressed her in clean clothes, we sat down to rest. Of course our visit was postponed.

After a little while Miranda Dorothea said to me, "I suppose you are a very kind, good mamma, aren't you?"

"I hope so, my dear; why do you ask?"

"I didn't know but you might be feeling as if you was a very harsh, severe mamma," answered she.

"No, I didn't think anything of the kind," I replied with decision.

"Well, of course," continued Miranda Dorothea, "I never said you was any such mamma as that, it wouldn't be proper for me to say such a thing."

"It certainly would not," I answered, sternly, and the conversation languished.

I never thought of Leander until tea-time, when his father asked where he was. I was obliged to confess that he was probably at Chelsea wondering where his mother was! He arrived home about bed-time, tired and cross. I pass over the scolding I got from Aristarchus, and the badinage I endured from Leander on that occasion. I do not feel equal to the task of reproducing it.

The next time I found myself locked out, I had a visitor staying with me, an old school friend, whose name was Lillian Hall. We went out shopping, taking with us the inevitable Miranda Dorothea, as Aristarchus did not like to have her left in his care. On our way home a shower came up, and, as we reached our street, and prepared to leave the car, Lillian said she should take a flying leap from the car to our door, as she did not wish to spoil her clothes. She tied a dainty handkerchief over a dainty bonnet, and gathered her silk skirts in one hand, and as I stepped from the car, I had a dissolving view of a slight brown-robed figure, and a pair of French heels, after which Miranda Dorothea was running with an energy which displayed an almost unlimited vista of red hosiery.

When I reached the gate they stood under shelter of the piazza, waiting for me—Aristarchus had gone out. I said I would let them in speedily, went around to the side door, inserted the key, and—didn't open the door! It was bolted on the inside! I'm sure I wished I could bolt! For a moment I wished the rain was a deluge that would sweep me away. It was at least coming down in such torrents that my dignity was completely washed away before I reached the piazza, after a swift run round the house. I explained the situation to Lillian, and we could see no way of getting in but to break one of the windows opening on the piazza. But what could we do it with? With the calmness of desperation I quietly unbuttoned and slipped off one of my boots. With that boot I broke the window, and raised it; then I lifted the useful Miranda Dorothea into the parlor, and we were soon safely housed. But during the operation we had been a target for all the eyes in the neighborhood. Usually the front rooms of nearly all the houses on the street were kept closed, but on this occasion every blind seemed to be open, every curtain raised, and every window, as if by magic, was filled with spectators!

Leander said if I wasn't such a coward and so afraid a burglar would get into the house, we might find it easier to get into it ourselves.

Aristarchus said he should be ashamed to look the neighbors in the face, he felt so scandalized at such proceedings.

Then I said I would exchange keys with him, and should have no more trouble. So I took the front door key, and gave him the other. Not long afterwards Miranda Dorothea and I went to the sewing society one afternoon. Aristarchus was in town, but was coming out at three o'clock to do some important writing. About half-past four Leander appeared at the sewing society, and said he couldn't get into the house, and didn't know what to do to become of him unless he went to the Little Wanderers' Home; he supposed he was too big for a foundling! I took my children home. We wondered what could have detained Aristarchus, until Leander discovered that the back door was bolted. Then we wondered no more. I sent Leander to Mrs. Marston, the one of our people who lived nearest to us, to see if he had taken refuge there. Mrs. Marston said he called there about half-past three but did not stay long; he said he was locked out of his house, and must be looking for a boarding place. Then I knew that Aristarchus did not intend to let me off easily. I sent Leander out for a quart of oysters, and I prepared scolloped oysters and hot popovers and a delicious cup of coffee for supper; I opened a jar of his favorite apple sauce—he does not eat pickles since our marriage; he says he no longer needs them—and I awaited his coming with little apprehension. He was a little late, very tired, and said he had come for his trunk and books, but a whiff of that coffee and the fragrance of the oysters which Leander was just taking from the oven, quite disarmed him, and by the time he had satisfied his appetite he had quite forgotten his little joke.

A few weeks later Miranda Dorothea and I went into town to do the fall shopping. I had the key, but happened to leave the house by the back door. We came home about three o'clock, tired and cold, and attempted to enter the house, but found that the screen door, which had not yet been taken down, was bolted, as we had not gone out through it, and defied all my efforts to break it down. Aristarchus had gone to a conference, and would not be at home until bed time. We walked around the house. Every window was fastened,

and there was not so much as a clothes pole left out with which to break one. I might have put Miranda Dorothea in at the cellar window, but the door at the top of the stairs was securely bolted. I picked up some stones and deliberately aimed them at the back window of the library. The first stone fell short and dropped harmlessly to the ground; the second hit the corner of the house and bounded across the fence of the neighboring yard, and nearly demolished the neighbor's cat; I could not see where the third one went, but Miranda Dorothea, who stood behind me, began to wail, and said it hit her in the shoulder. I decided not to throw any more stones. We sat down on the back door step to wait until Leander came from school. After we had sat there and shivered awhile, I said to my small companion: "I feel like the Peri outside the gates of paradise."

"Did the Peri feel like a fool, mamma?" asked that innocent child.

Of course Leander was kept after school that night and when he came at last it was nearly five o'clock, and Miranda Dorothea was raining tears on my shoulder, and I was mentally resolving never to leave the house again.

"Well, here's a jolly go!" exclaimed Leander; "it makes a fellow feel kinder queer to come home and find his mother sitting on the back steps like a beggar woman."

"Oh, Leander!" cried I in accents of despair, "do break a window and get us into the house as quickly as possible."

"I told the boys the other day that I could smash a window at home as often as I pleased, and my mother wouldn't scold; and they didn't one of them believe me," said Leander, as he aimed a small pebble at the window, and sent it through exactly over the fastening.

When Aristarchus discovered that broken window, the next day, he said severely:

"Cordelia, if you are intending to give the glazier constant employment, it might be more convenient to let him take his meals here, so as to be on the spot whenever wanted."

"Perhaps more economical to let Leander learn that trade," I replied calmly.

"I am not joking entirely, Cordelia," replied my husband, with still greater severity; "I should think that you would tire of this sort of amusement. I have always supposed you were a woman of excellent sense, but you do seem utterly incapable of learning from experience."

Aristarchus and I never quarrel, so I did not retort. I simply took out my handkerchief, and began to weep quietly. Then Aristarchus said:

"Why, Cordelia, I never meant to make you feel like that! You know I don't mean to hurt your feelings. I suppose I am a brute!"

"I am sure I appreciate your good judgment too thoroughly to contradict you," said I, meekly.

Then we both laughed, and Aristarchus said I might break every window in the house if I pleased. But he took that back presently and said he proposed to make a yearly allowance for window glass, and that I must agree to cover all damages; he would be liberal, he would give me five dollars a year. I accepted this proposal on condition that he would pay the first allowance in advance, which he really did.

I spent that five dollars for keys! I put a key to each door in the pocket of every dress I owned and into my wallet. I gave Leander a key to each door. I put two keys on a ribbon and hung it on Miranda Dorothea's neck. I put keys into some small tin boxes, and hid one under the front door-step, and another under the back door step, and nailed another to the back-side of the house. I will never be locked out again. I hope no one will take advantage of this confession to enter our house at night, or during one of our absences. Aristarchus said I need have no fear of that, for members of the profession never prey on each other. What can he mean?—Golden Rule.

THEORY VS. FACTS.

"In some things women are silly and ridiculous!" Here John Harding laid down the magazine article he had been reading, and which had for its theme the apparently inexhaustible one—the follies and shortcomings of the sex to which he had alluded.

Mrs. Harding glanced from the bow she was fastening to the solemn face of the speaker.

"In some things? This is encouraging, surely! I've known such quantities of men that were silly and ridiculous in so many. What is it now, I wonder?"

Loftily oblivious to the quiet sarcasm in these words, Mr. Harding continued:

"Just look at the way they dress, for instance."

"Oh!"

"Not only devoid of common sense but of all artistic elegance and beauty."

"Really, John," retorted Mrs. Harding, drawing her needle through her work with so much energy as to snap the thread, "however silly women may be in your estimation, I think they might know how and in what style to dress."

"They might, I suppose," was the cool response; "but that they don't is very evident. Have you read 'Dress as it Relates to Health and Beauty' in the last month?"

"No," responded Mrs. Harding, with a toss of the head. "It was written by some man, I suppose."

"No matter who it was written by; it is sound sense, every word of it. I wish you would study that article, Mary; it would do you an immense deal of good. I don't mean to say you haven't sense in a good many things, which surprises me all the more that you should show so little in the way you dress."

Mrs. Harding's red cheek grew still redder.

"John Harding!"

"There, now, Mary, don't fly into a passion because I tell you the truth, all for your own good. Just look at the trimming on the skirt of your dress, for instance; according to all artistic rules, the lace should be unbroken from waist to feet, and here it is cut up and destroyed in half a dozen places."

"Have you ever seen me in a dress whose skirt was entirely plain, or, as you term it, with the line unbroken from waist to feet?"

"No; but I should be glad to do so."

"You would? Have you any further complaint to make? If you have, I beg that you won't be backward in stating it."

"I don't mean to be. There's the hat you wear. That is what you call it, I suppose, though for any use it performs it might as well be called most anything else, a mass of ribbons, feathers and flowers piled up as high as possible and worn upon the back of the head. And then your hair!"

"How would you have me arrange it, dear?"

"Why, simply drawn back from the forehead and coiled low at the back of the head so as to preserve its artistic outline. Something the way it is in that picture. See?"

Mrs. Harding glanced at the picture to which her husband pointed, that of a very lovely girl, with small, regular features, and whose wavy hair was loosely knotted at the back.

"Yes, I see. But I don't think you ever saw hair dressed in that style."

"It would be an immense improvement if you would dress it so, you'd look quite like another person."

"I think I should. But have you no further suggestion to make? Your ideas are so original that you interest me."

"Not at present," returned Mr. Harding, biting off the end of a cigar which he intended to light as soon as he got out on the steps.

A few minutes later he put his head back into the room where his wife was sitting. "I shall be around with the ponies at three, Mary. Don't keep me waiting."

Mrs. Harding belonged to that very large class of ladies whose attractions depend more or less on style of dress, and no one understood this more clearly than she. She knew her strong and weak points, and how to bring out the one and conceal the other. For instance, she had fine eyes, hair and complexion, but her features were rather irregular, her forehead especially being out of proportion with the rest of the face, and the form wanting in roundness of outline, but so skillfully were these defects remedied by the adjustment of hair and dress that they were scarcely noticed, and she was considered by all who knew her—her husband not excepted—to be an attractive and charming woman.

Mrs. Harding spent the greater part of the morning in the attic, overhauling a chest that had belonged to her husband's aunt, apparently well repaid for her trouble by garments fished up out of its dark depths, and which she carried to her own room. Out of one of these she fashioned a dress very similar in style to the one for which her husband had expressed so much admiration.

"I hate to disfigure myself so!" she thought, as the straight folds fell lankly around the tall, thin form, making it look still more tall and thin, "but nothing else will cure my John, and if he keeps on he'll drive me frantic!"

Then she proceeded to take down the heavy braids of hair, and combing it smoothly from her forehead over the ear, arranged it into a pug low at the back of the head.

"Good gracious! I didn't suppose anything could make me look so much like a fool!" ejaculated Mrs. Harding, as she noted the change that it made in her appearance. "But no matter, it's only for once, and I guess I can stand it if I can!"

Taking a round, flat hat, very much in vogue a few years ago and whose only ornament was a ribbon around the crown, Mrs. Harding went down into the parlor.

She did not have to wait. Ten minutes later John came up to the door in an open phaeton, drawn by the well-matched grays that were the pride of his herd.

Running up the steps, he opened the door of the room where his wife sat.

He stared at her for a moment in dumb amazement.

"Heavens and earth, Mary, is that you? I thought it was. I don't know what. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"I have been trying to carry out the hints you gave me this morning in regard to dress. I hope it suits you and you admire its effect?"

"Well, no," responded Mr. Harding, taking a critical survey of the odd looking figure before him. "I can't say I do. To speak plainly, you look like a fright."

"I must say, John," retorted his wife with an injured air, "that you are very difficult to suit. I have spent the greater part of the morning in following the suggestions you gave me at breakfast, and still you find fault. What is it now, I'd like to know? Here is the unbroken sweep of the skirt, the classic outline of the head—I think that is what you call it. And you surely cannot say that this is too high, or that its 'elegant simplicity'—I quote your own words—is destroyed by a superabundance of flowers, feathers and ribbons."

Mr. Harding turned very red.

"That is all nonsense, Mary. I had only three hours at my disposal, and it's now half past three. I thought I should find you all ready."

"I shall be ready in half a minute," responded his wife, trying on her hat.

Mr. Harding looked at her in horrified astonishment.

"Do you think that I am going to take you out in such a dress as that? Why, you look like an escaped lunatic!"

Just here the door bell rang.

"It's Judge Howe," said Mr. Harding, as he listened to the voice, in reply to the servant who answered it. "He's come expressly to see you. For pity's sake, go up stairs and put on something decent. I wouldn't have him see you in that dowdy thing for any consideration!"

"Will you promise—"

"I'll promise anything," interposed Mr. Harding, drawing his wife toward the door which opened into the back parlor, and through which she disappeared just as their visitor was announced.

In an almost incredibly short space of time, Mrs. Harding entered the parlor where her husband and their guest were seated, looking so different that no one

not intimately acquainted with her would have recognized her.

Mr. Harding drew a long sigh of relief as he looked at the pretty, tastefully attired woman of whom he had often spoken to his friend Judge Howe, and to whom he was so proud to present her.

In the gay and animated conversation that followed, and all the pleasant thoughts to which it gave rise, he forgot everything else. Not so with Mrs. Harding. As soon as the door closed after their visitor, she turned her laughing eyes full upon her husband's face.

"Now, John, let us have a fair and clear understanding. I want to suit you if it is a possible thing. Which of these two styles of dressing do you wish me to adopt?"

"I shouldn't suppose you'd ask such a question, Mary. Seeing you in the peculiar costume you assumed is quite enough for me, I assure you."

"I assumed it to please you—don't forget that."

"You failed in your object then. To speak frankly, I didn't suppose it possible for you to look so downright ugly in anything."

"You are not over complimentary," laughed Mrs. Harding. "But no matter; if you're satisfied, I am. Don't look so crest-fallen, John; you are not a bit more inconsistent than the rest of your sex, who give ours so much sage advice in regard to matters they know nothing about. If the wives and daughters of these modern Solomon should dress as they advise other people's wives and daughters to do, they wouldn't be seen in the streets with them."

Mr. Stanley's Discoveries.

A correspondent of the London Globe who has interviewed Mr. H. M. Stanley, says that gentleman has practically unlimited means at his command, through the generosity of the King of the Belgians, who, moreover, has been the main supporter of many of the so-called International African Expeditions; as Mr. Stanley puts it, he has been in a position to pay for every inch of air he and his men breathed, and every square foot they trod upon. The object of the King of the Belgians appears to have been entirely disinterested—simply to do what he could to render accessible to commerce and civilization, and thereby develop the resources of the great interior of Africa.

For this purpose the Congo formed a splendid channel of communication, only unfortunately its lower course for many miles is obstructed by impassable catarracts. To surmount this obstruction has been the object of Mr. Stanley's work.

He states that already he has carried a well made road, 15 feet wide on an average, from below the catarracts, 230 miles along the north bank of the river, far beyond Stanley Pool, and therefore well in to the navigable upper waters. To assist him in this undertaking he has not only had native workers, but relays of young Europeans as superintendents; and for this work he finds Englishmen better than any others, and would be glad to have a fresh supply to send out. So substantially has this road been constructed, that it has stood the deluges of rain that break down upon it from the mountain sides, and has borne the heavy traffic which the transport of the engineering plant to the upper reaches has rendered necessary. Causeways have been laid where necessary, and bridges built, and the road has, by means of excavations, embankments of stone, and layers of earth, been carried right round the face of a mountain which comes sheer down to the river at one place. On rounding the mountain, Mr. Stanley states that the road enters an avenue of exquisite beauty and coolness, which has been cleared through the forest. So thickly timbered is the country in some parts that thousands of trees have had to be felled, and their roots either grubbed up or leveled. At intervals along the road, stations have been planted, and already there is a regular service of couriers between the stations, and by them a growing trade is being established. As to what are the possibilities of commerce along this route, he states that during the progress of his work a million yards of Manchester goods have been distributed through the country in payment for labor and other services performed by the natives. One of the articles of transport along the new road was a fine steam launch, with which Mr. Stanley has done some good exploring work some 400 miles above Stanley Pool, 700 miles above the mouth of the river. When he feels at liberty to publish an account of his work (at present his duty is to his employer, the King of the Belgians), it will be shown, the correspondent believes, that some first rate exploring work has been done. The launch, for example, was taken up a new river, opening from the south bank of the Congo, some distance above the Stanley Pool, and which, it was found, led into a fine lake. The lake was covered with fishermen's canoes, whose occupants looked aghast at the snorting monster puffing out steam, and fled in dismay. One, however, was caught, and after being soothed down and kindly treated, was sent off loaded with presents, to his wondering fellows peering from among the bushes on the shore. In Mr. Stanley's opinion the soil is capable of unlimited development for crops of all kinds, and, by judicious use, the supply of catcouth in the forests is inexhaustible. The greatest difficulty to the utilization of the river throughout its navigable length is the almost untamable cannibal tribes who inhabit the upper reaches between Stanley's farthest point and the neighborhood of Nyangine.

Honest and Liberal.

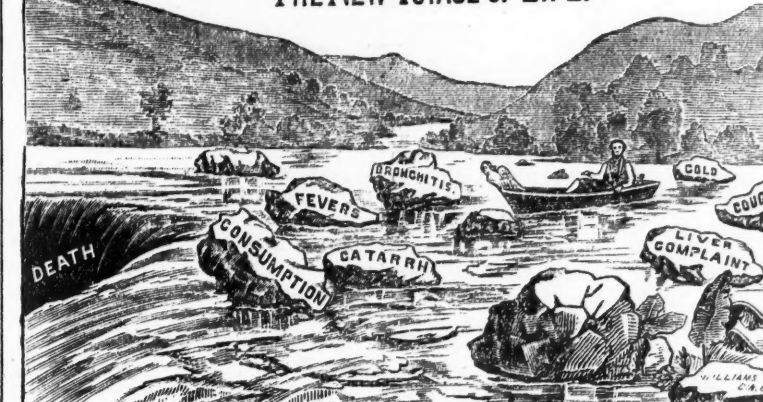
When the hops in each bottle of Hop Bitters (at the present price, \$1.25 per B.) cost more than a bottle is sold for, besides the other costly medicines, and the quality and price are kept the same, we think it is honest and liberal in the proprietors, and no one should complain, or buy or use worthless stuff, or cheating, bogus imitations because the price is less.

An Old Man's Relief.

Have used Parker's Ginger Tonic for my bad cough and hemorrhage I had twenty-five years. I feel like another man since I used it. Am 66 years past. Believe it sure to cure younger persons. A. Orner, Highspire, Pa.

ONLY CATARRH!

THE NEW VOYAGE OF LIFE.



Many thousands fully believe they or their friends are being hurried toward the grave by that terrible disease Consumption, and are being treated for that disease when they have only CATARRH in some of its many forms. We do not claim to cure Consumption, but fully believe from the results of our daily practice that we can save many who feel their case hopeless.

More Than 100,000 Die Every Year.

More than 100,000 die annually from Consumption in these United States; and a careful classification has revealed the startling fact that fully 50,000 of these cases were caused by Catarrh in the head, and had no known connection with hereditary causes. A large share of these cases might have been cured.

Danger Signals

Have you a cold in the head that does not get better? Have you an excessive secretion of mucus or matter in the nasal passages, which must either be blown from the nose or drop back behind the palate, or hawked or snuffled backward to the throat? Are you troubled by hawking, spitting and inflamed eyes, frequent soreness of the throat, ringing or roaring or other noises in the ears, more or less impairment of the hearing, loss of smell, memory impaired, dizziness or drowsiness of the head, dryness and heat of the nose? Have you lost all sense of smell? Have you pain in the chest, lungs or bowels? Have you a hacking cough? Have you dyspepsia? Have you liver complaint? Is your breath foul? If so, you have CATARRH. Some have all these symptoms, others only a part. The leading symptom of ordinary cases of Catarrh is increased secretion of mucus of yellow or greenish color matter.

Foul breath is caused by the decomposing secretion exuded from festering ulcers far back in the head; sometimes the membrane covering the bones is eaten away, and the bones themselves gradually decay. Such cases are indeed objects of pity, as the stench from the corroding sores reveals the corruption within. As every breath drawn into the lungs must pass over and become polluted by the secretions in the nasal passages it must necessarily follow that poisoning of the whole system gradually takes place, while the morbid matter that is swallowed during sleep passes into the stomach, enfeebles digestion, and often produces dyspepsia.

Catarrh is a Dangerous Disease.

and should not be trifled with; care should be taken to look for the first indications, and cure them promptly. If your case is a bad one, affecting the throat and Bronchial tubes, producing tickling, coughing and an almost constant effort to clear the passages, with tough, vile phlegm in the gullet on getting up in the morning, which is hard to eject, and other plain symptoms that the disease is stealing into the lungs, it should be attended to promptly and thoroughly.

Do Not Procrastinate.

Thousands of sufferers have applied to me for relief. Many thousands more are waiting, fearful it would be an experiment that would only end in failure. Do not trifle away your opportunity. You may be sure that Catarrh takes its toll of life, and is a constant growing danger to the reach of human aid. The statements of others who have found Child's Catarrh Specific the only certain cure should have weight, and convince you of the hopefulness of your own case.

Fifteen Years Ago

Catarrh was considered an incurable disease. I had then suffered for fifteen years in a manner only known to those who have had this disease in some of its worst forms. My professional duties made exposure a necessity, and I was first attacked by a slight cold; terrible headaches, which could not be cured, followed, and I was unable to do my work. I was then attacked by a severe nasal discharge, weak, inflamed eyes, hawking, raising of vile matter, black and sometimes bloody mucus, coughing, with great soreness of the lungs. The liver and stomach were polluted with the mass of decomposed matter running from the head, and I became indigestible, and liver complaint made me a wreck. I was unable to do my work, and I was in a desperate condition. I gave up the physicians and compounded my CATARRH SPECIFIC, and wrought upon myself a wonderful cure. Now, at the age of 69, I am wholly restored, and I can do my work, and never have had, in the whole fifteen years, the slightest return of the disease. EVERY PHYSICIAN who has examined my specific says it is certain, and thorough and perfect.

T. P. CHILDS.

100,000 Catarrhal cases have applied to me for relief. Many thousands have received my Specific, and are cured. We deem it only fair that every one who wishes should have the opportunity to ascertain whether we are able to cure them, and we are willing to do so for this purpose we add a few of the many hundreds of unsolicited certificates which have been sent to us by grateful patients—as well as the addresses of some who have been successfully treated, almost any of whom will doubtless respond to any inquiry by letter, if accompanied by a stamp to pay postage. Having been cured themselves, they doubtless will be willing to let the afflicted know where they can find certain relief. We have thousands of these certificates from all classes—phys

WOMAN'S VANITY.

Though she is old, she still is young—
And yet there's no insanity;
What can it be that makes her thus?
'Tis only a woman's vanity.

She wears gay clothes, both pink and blue—
O weakness of humanity;
And then she tips her cap away,
Which shows a woman's vanity.

What's more she thinks she's quite a "bliss,"
Although there's much insanity;
How can she think herself a wit?
Go ask a woman's vanity.

But, ladies, though her fault we see,
Let's treat her with urbanity;
For more or less we all have got
A spice of woman's vanity.

THE MILWAUKEE CHEESE SHOW.

Terrible Effects upon Wisconsin's Bad Boy.

From Fox's Son.

—What was the Health Officer doing over to your house this morning? said the grocer man to the bad boy, as the youth was firing frozen potatoes at the man who collects garbage in the alley.

"Oh, they are searching for sewer gas and such things, and they have plumbers and other society experts till they can't rest and I came away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warm my jacket. Say, do you think it is right, when anything smells awfully, to always lay it to a boy?"

"Well, in nine cases out of ten they would hit it right, but what do you think is the trouble over your house, honest?"

"S-h-h! Now don't breathe a word of it to a living soul, or I am a dead boy. You see I was over to the dairy fair at the exposition building on Saturday night, and when they were breaking up me and my chum helped to carry the boxes of cheese and firkins of butter, and a cheese man gave us a piece of Limburger cheese, wrapped up in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece, and it made me tired. Oh, it was the offest smell I ever heard of, except the smell when they found a tramp who hung himself in the woods on the Whitefish Bay Road, and had been dead three weeks. It was just like an old black number funeral. Pa and ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese and put it in the inside pocket of pa's vest, and I put another in the lining of ma's muff, and they went to church. I went to church, too, and sat on a back seat with my chum, looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the first hymn pa's cheese began to smell against ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn book and ma held the other, and pa always sings for that is out, and when he braced himself and sang 'Just as I am,' ma thought pa's voice was tainted with biliousness and she looked at him, and hunched him and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose 'cause his breath was enough to stop a clock. Pa stopped singing and turned around kind of cross towards ma, and then he smelled ma's cheese, and he turned his head the other way and said 'where' and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other as though they smelled frowy. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and pa sat next to a woman who used to be a nurse in a hospital, and when she smelled pa's cheese she looked at him as though she thought he had the small-pox and she held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew that ma sat near, he was a stranger from Racine who belongs to our church, and he looked at ma sort of queer, and after the minister prayed and they got up to sing again, the man took his hat and went out, and when he came by he said something in a whisper about a female glaucy fluency. Well, sir, before the sermon was over everybody in that part of the church had their handkerchiefs to their noses, and the two ushers they came around in the pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon, and wiped the perspiration off his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church stay after meeting, as there was business of importance to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up, and that he presumed the congregation noticed this morning that the church was unusually full of sewer gas. He said he had spoken of the matter before, and expected it would be attended to before this. He said he was a meek and humble follower of the Lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever the Master decided, but he would be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone-bolting establishment. He said religion was a good thing, but no person could enjoy religion as well in a fat rendering establishment as he could in a flower garden, and as far as he was concerned he had got enough. Everybody looked at everybody else, and pa looked at ma as though he knew where the sewer gas came from, and ma looked at pa real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all around. I put a slice in ma's bureau drawer, down under her underclothes, and a piece in the spare room under the bed, and a piece in the bathroom under the soap dish, and a slice in the album on the parlor table, and a piece in the library in a book, and I went to the dining room and put some under the table, and dropped a piece under the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded for bears. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked where pa was, she said she hoped he had gone to walk around a block to air himself. Pa came home to dinner, and when he got a smell of the house he opened all the doors and ma put a comfortable around her shoulders and told pa he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get pa to drink some carboic acid. Pa finally convinced ma that it was not him, and then they decided that it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church, and all Sunday afternoon they went visiting, and the morning pa went down to the health office and got the Inspector of Nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell he said there was dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent

for plumbers, and ma went out to a neighbor's to borrow some fresh air, and when the plumbers began to dig up the floor in the basement I came over here. If they find any of that limburger cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both quit, and ma says she is going to break up keeping house and board. That is just into my hand. I want to board at a hotel, where you can have a bill-of-fare and toothpicks and billiards and everything. Well, I guess I will go over to the house, and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me come flying out of the alley with my coat full of full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas."

The Stupendous Adventures Smith's Boy Has Survived.

A family named Smith has recently moved to Germantown, and Mr. Brown's boy on Saturday leaned over the fence and gave a reporter his impressions of Mr. Smith's boy, a lad of about fourteen years of age.

"Yes, me and him are right well acquainted now. He knows more'n I do, and he's had more experience. Bill says his father used to be a robber (Smith, by the way, is a deacon in the Presbyterian Church and a very excellent lawyer), and that he has ten million dollars in gold buried in the cellar, along with a whole lot of human bones—people he's killed. And he says his father is a conjurer, and he makes all the earthquakes that happen everywhere in the world. The old man'll come home at night when there's been an earthquake, all covered with sweat, and so tired he kin hardly stand. Bill says its such hard work.

"And Bill told me that once, when a man around here was trying to sell lightning rods, his father got mad and et him right up, and he takes bites out of everybody he comes across. That's what Bill tells me. That's all I know about it.

"And he told me that once he used to have a dog, one of those little kind of dogs, and he was flying his kite, and just for fun he tied the kite string onto the dog's tail. And then the wind struck her, and the dog went a-booming down the street, with his hind legs in the air for about a mile, when the kite all of sudden began to go up, and in about a minute the dog was fifteen miles high, and commanding a view of California and Egypt and Oshkosh, I think Bill said. He came down anyhow, I know, in Brazil, and Bill says he swum home all the way in the Atlantic Ocean, and when he landed his legs were all nibbled off by sharks.

"I wish father'd buy me a dog, so's I could send him up that way. But I never have no luck. Bill says that where they used to live he went out on the roof one day to fly his kite, and he sat down on the chimney to give her plenty of room, and while he was sitting there, thinking about nothing, the old man put a keg of powder down below in the fireplace to clean the soot out of the chimney. And when he touched it off Bill was blown over agin' the Baptist church steeple, and he landed on the weathercock with his pants torn, and they couldn't get him down for three days. So he hung there, going round with the wind, and he lived by eating the crows that came and sat on him, because they thought he was made of sheet iron and put up there on purpose.

"He's had more fun than enough. He was telling me the other day about a sausage-stuffer his brother invented. It was a kinder machine that worked with a treadle, and Bill says the way they did in the fall was to fix it on the hog's back, and connect the treadle with a string, and the hog would work the treadle and keep on running it up and down until the machine cut the hog all up fine and showed the meat in to skias. Bill says his brother called it 'Every Hog His Own Stuffer,' and it work ed splendid. But I don't know. 'Pears to me if there couldn't be any machine like that. But anyhow Bill says so.

"And he told me about an uncle of his out in Australia, who was et by a big oyster once, and when he got inside he stayed there until he'd had et the oyster. Then he split the shells open and took half a one for a boat, and he sailed along until he met a sea-serpent, and he killed it and drew off his skin, and when he got home he sold it an engine company for horse forty thousand dollars. Bill said that was actually so, because he could show me a man who used to belong to the engine company. I wish father'd let me go out and find a sea-serpent like that, but he don't let me have no chance to distinguish myself.

"Bill was saying, only yesterday, that the Indians caught him once and drove eleven railroad spikes through his stomach and cut off his scalp, and never hurt him a bit. He said he got away by the daughter of the chief sneaking him out of the wigwam and lending him a horse. Bill says she was in love with him, and when I asked him to let me see the holes where they drove in their spikes, he said he darsent take off his clothes or he'd bleed to death. He says his own father don't know it, because Bill's afraid it would worry the old man.

"And Bill told me they wasn't going to get him to go to Sunday school. He says his father's got him a brass idol that he keeps in the garret, and Bill says he's made up his mind to be a pagan, and begin to go naked and carry a tomahawk, and bow and arrows. And to prove it to me he says his father has this town underlaid with nitro glycerine, and as soon as he gets ready he's going to blow the old thing out, and bust her up, let her rip and demolish her. He said so down at the dam, and told me not to tell anybody, but I thought there'd be no harm in mentioning it to you. And now I believe I must be going. I hear Bill a whistling. Maybe he's got something else to tell me."

Goldsmith's Testimony.

Goldsmith speaks of
"That dire disease, whose ruthless power makes it a boon to all the earth."
No truer description could be given of the disease of the kidneys, which, uncurd, ripens into Bright's disease, and cuts down our strongest men in a very short time. And if Goldsmith had known of Hunt's Remedy, he would undoubtedly have continued his poem, and spoken of
"Hunt's Remedy, whose matchless worth, makes it a boon to all the earth."
It is surely a boon to the thousands of sufferers who have been unable to find relief nowhere else.

VARIETIES.

An Appleton business man wanted a span of horses, and he wanted pretty fast ones, but he didn't know much about that kind of stock. A horse-dealer had a team that was reported pretty fast, which he would sell cheap. The merchant took the team to drive a little, and got a friend in with him and they went up the track, and the friend drove the team around the track while the merchant stood on the judges' stand and watched them. They went around pretty good, and the merchant looked at his watch and got into the wagon. The friend asked him what time they made, but he said "never mind." He drove down to the horse-dealer and paid him the money for the horses and drove off with his friend, and when they turned a corner and got out of sight of the dealer, the merchant said to his friend: "That's the best bargain that was ever made in this State."

The friend looked astonished and asked: "What time did they make, honestly?" The merchant said: "They trotted in three minutes without a break."

The friend looked at though he was not much surprised, and finally said: "That is not so bad, but it isn't fast. That is at the rate of a mile in six minutes."

The merchant turned pale and said: "Why, how's that?"

"Oh," said the friend, with a yawn, "it is a half-mile track, you know."

The friend had to hold the merchant in the buggy seat, he was so faint, and he offered all sorts of excuses if the friend would never say anything about it, and we presume he has not. The team is delivering groceries now, and hauling slabs from a mill.

According to the Englishman it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman, but not even Scotch acuteness and perseverance seen as yet to have succeeded in devising a method for getting a joke into the head of an Englishman.

Gen. Horatio Porter was, according to the gossip, a most conspicuous victim of this insular characteristic, when at a dinner party in London this fall, where the respectable British merchants had been discussing topics of trade, and notably the subject of ocean lanes, he was called upon for a speech.

The General thereupon took up the subject of ocean lanes, and expatiated at length upon the desirability of the system—how pleasant it must be for the passengers, instead of following the highways of the sea, all dusty and full of ruts, to see the steamship turn aside into the verdant, rural lanes, between the fragrant hedges, musical with the songs of the flying fish, where they could watch the farmers plowing the sea, and so on.

It was a very pleasant and clever speech, and when the General had concluded the host said with a pitying sigh, that perhaps they had better join the ladies, and one of the guests remarked:

"The infernal fool! Talkin about lanes and hedges at sea! Why, he only arrived from New York yesterday, and he ought to know better!"

ONE QUESTION TOO MANY.—A stumpy, strong-built, young Milesian with a bibulous complexion and a bandage around his head was up in the Jefferson Market Police Court, New York, charged with being drunk and assaulting a policeman.

"I'm a stranger here, yer Honor," he answered, "an' I only arrived on Sunday. I was dyin' wid the drought, an' as I ken up the street I saw this red-nosed perlickman a-standin' 'n' near a tavern. 'Good mornin', sorr,' says he; 'ken ye tell me where I ken buy a good glass o' whiskey?' 'Not ter-day,' says he—'some other day—fur it's agin the law to sell on Sunday.' 'If the bars are closed,' says I, perillity, 'how d'ye contrive to keep up the color ay yer face?' This he grabbed me by the throat and flung me out into the road. 'Come out here,' says I, 'an' I'll wrastle yer me shlowder!' Before I had half a bout on him, he struck me a lick wid his club an' kicked the heels from under me. If I had had fair play, I cud have staid him on his head." The prisoner escaped with a fine of \$10 or a month's committal.

THE story of the water which got into the hold of the ship loaded with rice, and so swelled the cargo that it burst the vessel asunder, reminds the editor of the Kinderhook Rough Notes of the captain of a North River schooner, who having hired a new cook at Albany, set him to cooking rice, which he said he had done a hundred times. Telling him that he would find five pounds in the locker and cautioning him against cooking too much, the captain went about his business of loading his vessel with pig iron. In half an hour the new cook rushed out, exclaiming:

"For Heaven's sake, captain, don't take on any more pig iron; we will have a load of billed rice before night."

The captain rushed into the cabin where he found all the pots, kettles, pails, pans, dishes, and even two washbats full to overflowing with cooked rice, which was also seething over the top of the kettle and falling off upon the stove and the floor. "What'n thunder you been doin'?" yelled the skipper as he glanced around. "How much rice did you put in that pot?"

"Put the whole of it, cap," said the lad, "and I've been doin' nothin' but bailed out rice for the last twenty minutes. Great Moses! where does all the stuff come from?"

In an Episcopal boarding school a few years since, the scholars and teachers were assembled for morning prayer. The reading and singing were over and all were resuming their seats, when one of the young ladies, of a very short thick stature, missing her chair, seated herself with a "thud" on the floor. Nobody smiled. All were too decorous for that. The fallen one, embarrassed into the momentary loss of common sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer-book, and appeared to be earnestly engaged in examining its contents. This was almost too much for her companions, and a smile began to struggle upon many a fair countenance, when the rector rose and commenced reading the first morning lesson. He read from the fifth chapter of Amos, as follows:

"The virgin of Israel is fallen; she shall no more rise; she is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up."

This was too much; the voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin: the scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.

THERE is rather a good story told about Sergeant Ballantine and the present Baron Huddleston, who, after a life of turf hunting, was raised into his seventh heaven by his marriage with Lady Di. Beauclerc, sister of the Duke of St. Albans. The two were at Hombourg in the days when cards were not prohibited. Huddleston, as has been said, was notorious for his turf hunting proclivities. Wherever there was a titled person he was sure to make his way to that neighborhood. A game was going on. A duchess of some German principality was busied by excitement, she sat down upon the nearest knee, which happened to belong to Sergeant Ballantine. The Sergeant waited until the end of the play, and then, regardless of consequences, shouted across the hall:

"I say, Huddleston, what will you give me for my trousers? A real chuck has been sitting on them."

Chaff.

"Almost a bad disaster" is a heading in an exchange. We are engaged in a wild search for a good disaster.

"Why is a young man like a kernel of corn?" asked a lady. "Because," said another, "he turns white when he pops."

"How can I expand my chest?" asked a stinging fellow of a physician. "By carrying a larger heart in it," was the reply.

Among the novelties announced for 1883 is an almanac with a new joke in it. Send in your orders early to avoid disappointment.

Said a farmer, who was given to long drinks, to a brother agriculturist, "What breed of cattle would you advise me to adopt?" "Short horns," was the significant reply.

The horrible story that Langtry when a girl used to milk the family cow is creating consternation among New York's whose fathers got into bad habits by drinking in Wall Street.

"Out of tune and harsh."—First Elder (at the Kirk "skelling"): "Did ye hear Douglas Moore snoring in the sermon?"—Second Elder: "Perfectly disgraceful! He's waiked the a'!"—Pulpit.

At the Concert.—Fair Critic: "You like 'Parasol'?"—Sour and serious Male Critic: "Yes."—Fair Critic: "Then you are a Wagnerian?"—Sour and Serious Male Critic: "No, I'm dead."

"Define the word excavate." Scholar: "It means to hollow out." Teacher: "Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used. Scholar: "The baby excavates when it gets hungry."

A politician gave this advice to his son-in-law, who was nominated for office, "Lean a little toward everything and commit yourself to nothing. Be round; be perfectly round, like a bottle, and just dark enough so that nobody can see what's in you."

Country doctor (to Tomkins).—"Now, with regard to that cut on the top of your head, I don't think it will be serious, but you must keep your eye on it." And Tomkins, who has the slightest suspicion of a squint, goes away and disrecommends that doctor.

A clerk in an eminently respectable house, the head of which is a deacon, was instructed to prepare an advertisement and have it inserted in the papers. He prepared one which read: "The pot chopped! We hold four acres to the bob-tail of any other house in town on fine table-cloths."

He continually played on the horn, "Sweet Maiden, Hear My Prayer." The maiden lady next door sent word with her "compliments," that she had heard his prayer, and she would say a month's board for him in advance. If he'd move to another part of the town.—*Teas Siftings.*

"Oh, I never liked sea-bathing," said the maiden, "because it is so much trouble to wash the salt of my hair." "You might obviate that difficulty," said the crusty old bachelor, "by leaving it behind in your bureau drawer." And the silence that followed was so dense it could have been cut with a butter-knife.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is fond, like Napoleon, of addressing himself directly to his soldiers under his command. "Now, man, he said, 'if you were told to lighten your kit by half a pound, what would you throw away?' "The Soldier's Pocket Companion," answered the man, as he respectfully saluted his commander. "The point of this is that Sir Garnet wrote the book."

A gentleman, who had taken the right of shooting over a moor in Yorkshire at a high rent, bagged only two brace the other day. A friend of his, who was grumblingly remarked to the tenant of the moor that the birds had cost him two guineas the brace. The tenant very innocently replied: "A week, sir, they may be thankful ye had gotten sea few of them; they're far too dear."

It is related of Mr. Talmage that as he was nearing the city the other day, in a sleeping car, he yawned in such a way to cause a duplication of the process in a mirror between the windows. A young married lady, four sections away, at the same moment clutched her husband and said: "Gee, there's a fellow, there's another of those horrible tunnels!"—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

When Cousin Mary was three years old she attended church for the first time with her mother. During the service she heard the minister mention the name of God several times, and acted as if she knew she was doing something wrong. At last she could stand it no longer; the next time he said it, she rose up in her seat, and pointing her chubby finger at him, she said in impressive tones: "Man, 'top your swearing!"

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Debility. \$1.

The Household.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN TOWN.

If Christmas is the grand gala day of the year for the children, as it seems to be, since Christmas trees are dressed to delight child-eyes, and small hosiery distorted before recognition for their sakes, New Year's Day is most emphatically the festival for the older ones. The pleasant fashion of calling on all one's friends on the first day of the new year, thus as it were renewing old friendships by assurances of continued remembrance, gives a "day off" to many a busy business man, who finds in the occasion his one opportunity to prove himself a social being. It is a great day for "society men" who feel it incumbent upon them to call upon the "dear five hundred," and find the hours all too short for the purpose, and also for the fashionable youth with social aspirations, who with the wisdom of his day and generation, makes up his list with special reference to including the rich, socially pre-eminent, and the most popular people. It is a day of triumph to the ladies, who await with impatience the onslaught of the army of callers, and count their cards after the engagement with as much self-gratulation as the commanding general feels after a great victory.

The day was quite generally observed in Detroit this year, each of the daily papers giving a full page to the list of those who would "receive," arranged in alphabetical order, as regards residence, to aid callers to economize time.

Most of the married ladies were "assisted" by their young relatives and friends, and the most elegant dresses of fashionable wardrobes saw daylight; for though "beauty undarned" may do for poet and romancer, the belle of the nineteenth century knows full well, with Tenyson, that she is "fairer in new clothes than old." Hundreds of dollars were spent in this city alone for flowers for the day, for aside from those used for decorative purposes, many a New Year's greeting gathered new and tender significance from the basket of dewy hearted roses, or odoriferous daphne and hyscintins which was an earnest of the wish. Salads, cakes, confections, choice fruits and coffee graced the tables arranged for the entertainment of callers, and the artistic commingling of rare china, cut glass and silver with eatables, was not entrusted to the careless hands of a servant, but supervised by Madame's own vigilant

eye, if not arranged by her own hands. It is said that there were fewer houses than usual this year where wine was offered to callers, an omission for which all who "received" as well as all advocates of temperance, were doubtless grateful; it could not be particularly pleasant to the mistress of a house where wine had been offered, to have a partially inebriated youth enter her presence with unsteady steps, and with unmanageable tongue essay a New Year's greeting, not feeling sure but that the glass of sparkling champagne she had herself presented to others had not helped put them in the same imbecile condition. Dr. Rexford, in his sermon on New Year's Eve, made an eloquent plea against the custom, and it is safe to say that none of the large congregation which listened to his stinging rebuke and biting sarcasm, could have the heart to cling to a custom surely "more honored in the breach than the observance."

It was early in the day when carriages began to fly about, and dainty little baskets to appear on front doors, for ladies who like the compliment of cards without the trouble of entertaining, thus manage to do the business in a paste-board way, and from behind the blinds peep at the callers against whom they inhospitably close their doors. The various social clubs in the city called on *maise*, a four horse team, gaily decorated, sometimes leading the assault, and a row of carriages sufficient to contain the members, following. It must have been very like entertaining a procession. The "stun fry," who so readily imitate the customs of the elders, were also "to the front;" from my window I watched a lad of perhaps seven, immaculately clad, and supporting himself by the aid of an ivory-headed cane, ascend the steps of two houses "over the way" and deposit his card with the air of a man who is doing what he conceives to be a noble duty. A miss of the tender age of three years, was set down by the papers as "to receive" with a bevy of more elderly belles. How *blase* these babies will be by the time they have seen a baker's dozen of birthdays!

New Year's cards, like other mementoes of their kind, grow in delicacy and beauty of design with every successive year. Some of them are most exquisitely engraved; others are "elaborately upholstered" if the term is allowable. The designs are novel; a young lawyer here chose for his lackadaisical troubadour twanging a guitar; Paul and Virginia coquetting under their palm leaf umbrella, ornamented another. A handsome envelope, tinted inside, held a folded card of the same tint, which when opened, disclosed on its white face the names of a sextette who "joined issues" in a "stunning rig" and paid their *devoirs* in company. Another "new" design was a card with beveled edges, and folded leaves which concealed a small envelope, surrounded by an old gold fringe, and containing still another card, bearing the name of the caller, the whole furnished with a heavy white envelope.

As the day waned, everybody seemed to get in a hurry all over (the smart little girl's definition of "nervous"), and the rattle of wheels and the ring of doorbells did not cease till near midnight. Some hilarious souls made night hideous with blasts from a fish horn, others vented their superfluous energy in song; a troop of boys marched by, playing "Sweet Home" on the mouth organ (what is it that so inseparably connects the tune with the instrument?), and as the bells tolled the last hour of the day, the lights went out, and more than one unlucky man tumbled into bed, to be visited by the ghost of his grandmother, and wake next day with a headache, born of unlimited indulgence in viands served in the interests of dyspepsia.

BEATRIX.

AN EXPLANATION.

In writing the recipes which appeared in the FARMER of Dec. 5th, I had no doubt of my writing them accurately, and until "Uncle David's" letter came to hand through the FARMER, had not looked them over since printed. The word pounds in recipe for curing hams should read quarts, making a great difference, although not as strong brine as "Uncle David's," which for so constant a use of salt-petre for so many years would be in a good state of preservation, in fact, really well corned. The recipes I send to the FARMER are, as those of the 5th ult., the ones we use and find fully satisfactory. We have kept round through the year with that same brine.

I think I advanced no opinion as to the feasibility of the creamery and laundry idea, merely stating my wishes that so desirable a release from constant toil and ceaseless cares, might be established among farmers; and A. H. J.'s opinions coincide with those of the gentleman mentioned in my previous letter, that women were so confirmed in the habit of doing the same work, and with such precision, that nothing but some slight assistance would be accepted. I do not quite take that view of the subject myself, nor do I hope to add anything to what has already been said, for the subject has been ably discussed, but I think there is great need of change, and I hope and look for it. There is no disputing the fact that the wives of farmers as a class are a hardly worked, slightly appreciated, poorly rewarded part of humanity, too broken in spirit to assist in establishing a different state of affairs. I think because a custom is generations old it is no more worthy of being followed than something more befitting the present time. Old things will do for souvenirs of the past, but get threadbare with too long usage. It is not very many years since the wives of farmers carded wool and flax, as well as spun the yarn and wove the web itself for clothing, and knit the "hosen" for the family, while the daughters, instead of cultivating their musical talents and the beautiful as well as useful, must knit and spin if only tall enough to use the quill-wheel. These things have passed into mere memories, still it is not so very long ago. In these days of progression and astonishing inventions, which are grasped greedily by men to lighten and facilitate their labor, we may look with confidence

for a change with us, and unless there is really in all the vast farm products but one to which a woman is entitled, and that the oft repeated resource, butter, I hope we will have creameries wherever practicable, and anything else to relieve the over-burdened, and render farm life, as it might be, delightful and worth the living.

A. H. J., I would have liked to assisted in the water treatment, am used to it.

AARON'S WIFE.

FENTON, Dec. 29th.
[The error in the recipe was undoubtedly overlooked by the proof-reader.—Ed.]

PROFITS ON POULTRY.

"St. Clair" inquires whether any of the members of the Household have had any experience in poultry raising. I cannot say that I have had very much experience, but I've a good deal of theory on the subject, which I believe I could put into profitable practice. I certainly think that there is hardly a farm in Michigan on which, with but little extra expense, fowls enough to yield a profit of at least \$50, might not be managed by the wife or daughters, and the profits might be augmented to double or over the amount, according to the facilities for the business and the nearness of a city market. I have tried it on a small scale, and found fair returns for my time and trouble, using ordinary "barnyard fowls" for stock, and never keeping more than twenty through the winter. "The survival of the fittest" ruled, however, the best of both pullets and cockerels being selected for next year's service. I made my best profits on eggs, by packing them in autumn and late summer and selling in winter; that left me free to "set" as many hens in the spring as possible, and my early chicks were ready for market about the last of October. I packed the eggs in salt. By gathering them myself every day, and never putting one I was not *absolutely certain* was perfectly fresh, I seldom lost more than one out of one hundred. It is considerable trouble to pack in salt, perhaps would not be practicable on a very extended scale, but it prevents decomposition better than anything else, and I have tried packing in bran, chaff, oats, smearing with lard, and dipping for a moment in boiling water. The salt prevents access of air, especially when it crusts over the top of the packages.

I never used an incubator, being an "old fogey" in my belief about the superior excellencies of the old hen. From what I read about Bain's incubator last spring, I should fancy that there is not "much money in it;" it got a "bad racket" in several of our papers. I believe it is safe to advise "St. Clair" to go ahead, not venturing too far at first, for wisdom comes with experience, believing not exactly that there are "millions in it," but that a woman may realize fair returns for her work; that she will have healthy outdoor exercise, which won't hurt her; and that it is one of the best of the few ways in which a woman living on a farm can earn money for her private purse.

C. B. R., I am not at all offended at your long ago criticism, which I had almost forgotten. I don't bear malice toward any one who may not chance to agree with me. Come offener to the Household, can you not?

DAISY.

FLINT, Dec. 29th.

A "REVISED VERSION" OF RULE ONE.

There is, within the breast of every human creature, an inborn instinct which is swayed by the power of beauty, not merely the beauty of form, feature or color, but the beauty of thought, feeling, actions, sentiments; in short, a beauty which in the language of the "New Ten Commandments" means the "power to please."

If this be true—and I think all who will consider the matter thoughtfully a moment will concede it to be so, then our fair correspondent in last week's issue of the MICHIGAN FARMER, takes a wrong view of Rule One when she says that "the lives of many noble women testify against it," and that "it should be opposed."

It is not true that in your own immediate circle of acquaintances, the woman whose influence is strongest is the one whose power to please is the greatest? I need not enumerate instances in the lives of celebrated women to illustrate what seems to me an almost self evident truth.

I fully agree with the writer when she says, "a woman was created for as high and holy a mission as was ever given a soul to fulfill." Yes, but woman was not left helpless to fulfill this mission, to meet life with no sword and buckler with which to cope with its manifold vexations and hindrances, but was endowed with the most effective weapon that woman-kind possesses, viz. the power to please. Nor is she left unconscious of this wonderful gift, as our correspondent seems to think, for as deeply engraven upon her heart as is the sense of immortality, is the desire to please others; an impulse visible in the tiniest maiden whose innocent baby eyes look love into yours; an impulse which grows no less strong as the years roll on, and which crops out in the tender efforts of the silver haired matron, whose thoughtful hand gently tries to smooth the rugged pathway of life.

Rule One, like all rules, may be misunderstood and abused, but I cannot help the wish that all women would take it home to their hearts, and remembering the pressing need of woman's power in the world for the right, the true and the good, let it so stimulate them that they should untiringly strive to be pleasing to the world about them, should strive to grow beautiful in that beauty which, shining out from the windows of a beautiful soul, irradiates the plainest face; beautiful in the sweet grace of a cheerful, charitable spirit; in short, beautiful in that highest type of beauty, which all seeing, all feeling, shall so charm by its powerful influence, that sin may be vanquished, our moral atmosphere purified, and mankind elevated to a higher plane in the world's broad field of battle.

L. F. N.

DETROIT, Jan. 2d.

Don't Die in the House.

"Rough on Rats" Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c.

Useful Recipes.

WISHING to contribute

